



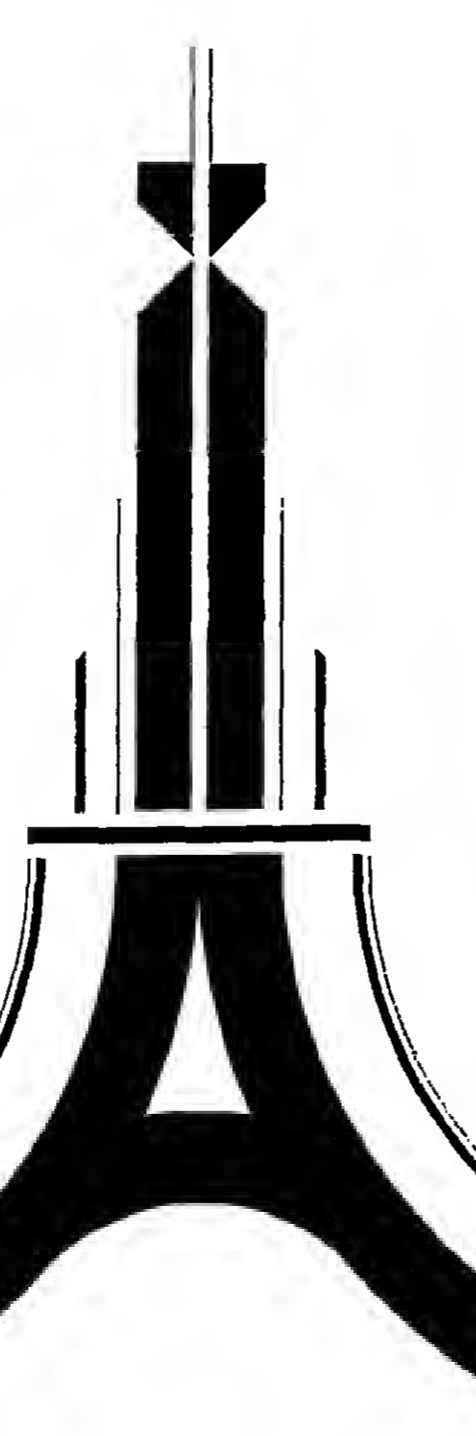
One of a series of messages from leading companies of the world appearing during the IHT's anniversary year.

From one global enterprise to another, our senior by 38 years, our warmest congratulations. When James Gordon Bennet Jr. founded the newspaper now known as the International Herald Tribune in Paris in 1887, Nomura was a tiny establishment in Osaka and Tokushichi Nomura, founder of The Nomura Securities Co., Ltd. in 1925, was a 9-year old boy. But, like Bennet, he had the seeds of greatness in him.

The two men's visions, in their separate fields, were both global in scope. It was not until after their deaths that the fruits of their efforts fully blossomed, actually both in the same period, the 1980s. While the IHT was opening printing sites around the world—in Hong Kong in 1980, Singapore in 1982 and Miami in 1986, Nomura was also busy using modern communications technology to establish its expertise in the circulation of capital on a global basis. Some key events: following the opening of a representative office in Paris in 1972, Nomura France began operations eight years later; Nomura International Limited (NIL) began business in London in 1981 seventeen years after the opening of a representative office; established in 1969, Nomura Securities International (NSI) became a member of the New York Stock Exchange in 1981; and NIL became a member of The Stock Exchange, London in 1986. Today, Nomura operates 34 offices in 20 countries covering all the world's major financial centres.

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Peeking Into Future: A Communications Speedup

By James Gleick
New York Times Service

NEW YORK — A small prototype device has shown that communications lines made from the new generation of superconductors can transmit data at speeds up to 100 times faster than today's state-of-the-art optical fiber networks, according to scientists.

Very short electrical pulses, measured in trillionths of a second, passed through the device without any detectable distortion, an impossibility with conventional methods.

The report, made public Thursday, raises the prospect of extremely high-speed communication of electronic information: computer data, telephone conversations or television pictures.

A single superconducting transmission line could carry one trillion bits a second, the scientists said. This would be enough to support 15 million simultaneous telephone conversations or, alternatively, to send the complete contents of the Library of Congress in two minutes.

The device was made at Cornell University and tested at the Ultrafast Science Center of the University of Rochester by a team using lasers to measure the very short pulses, slicing time into extremely fine slivers.

"It's a very exciting step forward, despite a little doubt about it," said Alexis P. Malozemoff of the International Business Machines Corp.'s research laboratory in

Yorktown Heights, New York, commenting on the Rochester findings. "It's the key to communication within computers and to more distant points."

The new superconducting materials, which have set off a whirlwind of research in the last eight months, still require cooling with liquid nitrogen to several hundred degrees below zero. Such temperatures are practical for many new applications, but the most widespread uses, including communications networks spanning miles or hundreds of miles, would require further improvements in the cutoff temperature of superconductivity.

In announcing their results, the scientists stressed that they were not predicting the demise of optical fibers, which are only now taking firm hold in the networks of long-distance telephone communication. Optical fibers, which are thin, flexible tubes that transmit data in the form of pulses of light, carry far more information than conventional wires, using pulses of electricity.

Nevertheless, Gerard Mourou, director of the Ultrafast Science Center, said a system using superconductors to transmit electrical pulses could be not only faster but also ultimately simpler. The limiting problem with optical fibers is not the fibers themselves but the need to translate a signal from electricity to light and then back to electricity at the far end.

"You have to go from the optical domain and make an electrical rep-

lica," Mr. Mourou said. "These operations are very slow."

By virtue of their ability to carry electricity without the slightest loss of energy, superconductors could create large savings in the generation and transmission of electricity. Because they also support enormous magnetic fields, they raise the possibility of new applications in transportation and energy storage.

The latest findings open up another area: the transmission of data. High-speed communication depends on the breaking of information into digital form, strings of on and off pulses. The shorter such pulses are, the more information can be sent.

In ordinary wires, short pulses of electricity have a tendency to smear out and dissipate. "Instead of an army maintaining its ranks through a long walk, it's a bunch of drunks that got lost along the way," as Mr. Malozemoff put it.

Superconductors do much bet-

ter. New research at IBM, using infrared radiation to study the energetic properties of single crystals of superconductor, suggests that the Rochester group has not yet approached the limit of the materials. They should be able to propagate pulses considerably shorter than those measured so far, according to the IBM scientists.

Apart from the implications for data transmission, the prototype device also represents an advance in scientists' ability to engineer working versions of the new superconductors — temperamental ceramics that have proved easy to make but difficult to shape into useful forms.

The team at Cornell vaporized the material and deposited a thin film on a relatively inexpensive base of another substance, zirconium oxide. Then they etched a circuit pattern about a third of an inch long using lithographic techniques

that are standard in the computer industry.

"This demonstrates that, perhaps on a shorter term than some people expected, we can talk about real applications in thin films," said Robert Buhrman, head of the Cornell group.

As IBM physicists first found last spring, thin films of the new superconductor can carry large currents, as much as 1,000 times larger than have been achieved in the first wires. Why wires should be more troublesome remains unclear.

For some purposes, thin films can form substitutes for wires, such as flexible current-carrying tapes. To turn the laboratory process into larger-scale uses will not be easy, however.

"To cost miles of tape for a communications cable requires a scaling up, which I'm sure there'll be problems in doing," Mr. Buhrman said. "But I think it looks very promising."

Reshaping of Agency Signals an End To Vast Water Projects in U.S. West

By Philip Shabecoff
New York Times Service

WASHINGTON — The Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation, which for 85 years has built the dams and other water projects that spurred the development of the American West, is radically changing its mission.

and pesticides from irrigation projects.

Representative George Miller, a California Democrat who is chairman of the House Interior Committee's Water and Power Resources Subcommittee, said that Thursday's action was no more

than a recognition by the bureau "that its glory days of pouring concrete are over."

"I continue to be troubled by the massive subsidies to rich farms at taxpayer expense," he said, referring to the bureau's subsidized water programs.

Instead of constructing big water and power projects, the agency announced Thursday, it will concentrate on managing existing projects, conserving water, ensuring water quality and protecting the environment.

The bureau will be completely reorganized, and its 8,000-member staff will be cut by as much as 50 percent over the next decade. Both the staff reduction and a move of its headquarters from Washington to Denver will begin early next year.

Deaver to Raise Alcoholism Issue

The Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Michael K. Deaver, a former top White House official who is now a lobbyist, won court permission Friday to raise alcoholism as a defense at his perjury trial.

A U.S. District Court judge, Thomas Penfield Jackson, ruled the defense could call expert witnesses to testify that Mr. Deaver's

memory was clouded when he gave sworn testimony last year to a House subcommittee and a grand jury. The trial is to begin Oct. 19.

The panels were investigating reported violations of federal ethics law by the former deputy White House chief of staff. Mr. Deaver is charged with lying when he said he could not recall contacting former Reagan administration colleagues on behalf of lobbying clients.

AMERICAN TOPICS



COVER-UP: Russ Russell, operations manager for a gun shop in Miami, shows how a pistol can be concealed under an arm. Under a new law, it became legal in Florida on Oct. 1 to carry a concealed weapon.

New Corporate Hero: Meet the Operator

A new kind of American business leader is emerging, says Donald V. Potter, president of Windemere Associates Inc., management consultants. "I call this new corporate hero the operator," Mr. Potter writes in *The New York Times*, "since he combines the flair and imagination of the entrepreneur with the hard-nosed management of a superb operator."

The 1960s and 1970s, Mr. Potter says, were the era of the conglomerate, who "often paid too much" for other companies "and got mediocre returns." So the stock market languished, and in the 1980s, the arbitrageur came along to buy up undervalued companies. But today "equities are more than fairly valued," so "the arbitrageur's era is also concluding."

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The conglomerate and arbitrageur work at the corporate level, the operator at the customer and product level: "Customers don't buy corporations, they buy products. And the operator brings them better-performing products at a lower price."

How? With "simplicity," "discipline," and new information systems that track full product profitability. Among examples cited by Mr. Potter are Henry Schacht of Cummins Engine, who "faced down the Japanese at the shoreline by courageously cutting his price before he had cut his cost," and Rod Canion of Compaq Computer, who "showed how to produce a premium product with real cost sensitivity."

But they're not licensed, they're not paying state taxes, and they're certainly not meeting the Federal Trade Commission rules regulating used-car sales.

The Manchester (New Hampshire) Union Leader calls the presidential candidates of both parties "a dull lot." When William Loeb, who died in 1981, was publisher, the paper called Dwight D. Eisenhower a "stinking hypocrite," Lyndon B. Johnson "Snake Oil Lyndon" and Gerald R. Ford "Jerry the Jerk." Under Mr. Loeb's widow, Mackey Loeb, 63, the right-wing Union Leader remains tart. It dismisses George Bush as "ho hum." Bob Dole is eager to tell the Russians "our wheat and anything else that wasn't nailed down." Jack F. Kemp is "a redneck football player" and Alexander M. Haig Jr. is "overbearing and pompous."

Pennsylvania's Amish are opposing a 15-mile (24-kilometer), four-lane highway between the towns of Lancaster and Gap that would cut straight across their farms. The Amish, a strict Mennonite sect, usually shun politics. They say a new highway is needed, but around, not across, their land. "We're rural oow, and we'd like to keep it that way," said Walter Martin, a dairy farmer, at a protest meeting. Joseph Cook, who is not Amish, said, "This area is like heaven, and they want to turn it into California."

A film that claims to hypnotize its audience is due out late this year from the Spectrafilm company, Steve Pond reports in *The Washington Post*. Sensurround made audiocues feel earthquakes. Odorama let them smell orange blossoms. "Anguish," about a psychotic killer, warns in a prologue that viewers will receive subliminal messages and be briefly hypnotized, and suggests that anyone feeling dizzy should head for the lobby. Mr. Pond writes that Spectrafilm may have something "if it can hypnotize critics into thinking 'Anguish' is a good movie."

Short Takes

Three million of the 18 million used cars sold every year, says Charles Tupper of the National Independent Automobile Dealers Association, are peddled by "the carmen," who pretend to be private parties, advertising only with a "For Sale" sign and a phone number.

Old Shells Found Buried In Belgian Playground

The Associated Press

ANTWERP, Belgium — A World War II depot containing five tons of ammunition was found beneath a children's playground in a city near Antwerp, the army's bomb disposal team reported.

Experts on the team said Thursday that German, French and British 155mm shells, mortar shells, grenades and other ammunition was found under the playground in Brasschaat, about 10 miles (16 kilometers) north of Antwerp. They said it took two months to unearth the depot and destroy its contents.

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Soviet Missile Tests Near Hawaii Anger U.S.

By Molly Moore Washington Post Service WASHINGTON—Congressional and administration officials are angry denouncing the Soviet Union's test-firing of two ballistic missiles on long-range flights over the Pacific this week.

The Pentagon spokesman, Fred Hoffman, said this would have been the first time that a Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile had flown over U.S. territory. The Russians also notified the United States of a second target zone about 500 miles northwest of the islands and warned ships to stay clear of both target areas until next Thursday.

Russians Dig Under Embassy, Bonn Reports

United Press International BONN—The Soviet Union built a tunnel under the construction site of the new West German Embassy in Moscow, West German spokesmen said Friday. Spokesmen for different ministries disagreed on whether the Germans themselves had discovered the tunnel during construction work five years ago or whether the Soviet authorities had informed the embassy of its existence.

For Bush, the Tour Is Really Not Political

By David Hoffman Washington Post Service LONDON—With Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher at his side, Vice President George Bush stood before a video camera supplied by his presidential campaign and insisted that his trip to Europe has been "all substance and no politics."

New Prime Minister Is Appointed In Tunisia

Reuters TUNIS — President Habib Bourguiba appointed a new prime minister Friday, naming his minister of state for the interior, Zine al-Abidine Ben Ali, to the post. Mr. Ben Ali was picked to replace Rachid Sfar who reportedly had angered the 84-year-old head of state by making a series of official appointments without properly consulting him.

Soviet Attacks New Journal

Reuters MOSCOW—The official press agency Tass accused the editors of an independent Soviet magazine Friday of breaking the law by using printing equipment belonging to a state institution.

als on the premises over a long period. Mr. Shilov was warned that he faced prosecution for being in Moscow without a residence permit, but both men were released Thursday evening, friends said.

PRENSA: Daily Assaults Sandinists

(Continued from Page 1) that appeared Thursday was printed on Soviet-made paper, the only kind available on short notice. The press ran on short notice, about twice the normal circulation.

attended by opposition political leaders, prominent Roman Catholic clerics, foreign diplomats and other dignitaries. "It is going to be very healthy for Nicaraguans to have access to points of view that do not necessarily coincide with those of the government," said the Costa Rican ambassador, Farid Ayales.

PRICES: Soviet Urges Rise

(Continued from Page 1) Agapbegyan, has said that salaries, which average \$300 a month for a factory worker, might have to be raised to compensate for higher prices of food or lodging. Mr. Gorbachev said that his reform drive was entering a "critical stage," and that Russians should not wait for orders from above.

Virgilio Godoy Reyes, head of the Independent Liberal Party, said the opening of the paper was the only major step the government has taken to comply with the accord. "It's a big step, but much remains to be seen," Mr. Godoy said.

Aquino Vows To Deal With All Threats

Reuters MANILA — President Corason C. Aquino, responding to critics, asserted Friday that she had crushed rightist coup attempts and would likewise quell the Philippines' long-running Communist insurgency. Meanwhile, Colonel Gregorio Honasan, who led an army rebellion in August, was quoted by a Manila newspaper as saying another attempt could be imminent.

TIBET: Police Post Set Ablaze, at Least 6 Die in Pro-Independence Protest

(Continued from Page 1) news of the unrest from reaching the outside world. Foreign tourists who witnessed some of the events Thursday gave accounts to news agency reporters in Chengdu. They said there were reports in Lhasa that as many as eight persons, mostly Tibetans, had been killed.

The Associated Press in Chengdu said that the violence Thursday erupted after eight monks began protesting the arrest of their comrades Sunday. Mr. Schadeberg said the demonstrators set a police station and at least four police vehicles on fire and smashed in the door of the police station.

The Associated Press in Chengdu said that the violence Thursday erupted after eight monks began protesting the arrest of their comrades Sunday. Mr. Schadeberg said the demonstrators set a police station and at least four police vehicles on fire and smashed in the door of the police station.

The violence in Tibet comes at a sensitive time for the Chinese authorities. Thursday was the 38th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

AIDS: Virus in Hiding

(Continued from Page 1) men in the study showed antibodies to HIV. The study indicated that it might be necessary to use more specific and expensive tests than are commonly employed to detect a latent HIV infection. But it did not help to determine how likely an infected person was to transmit AIDS or how much antigen in blood would die.

FAULT: L.A. Still Worried

(Continued from Page 1) thought to have originated on an undense section of the Newport-Inglewood Fault. The quake was not much more severe than Friday's, being rated at magnitude 6.3, but the water-logged terrain shook severely, and many buildings collapsed. More than 30 people lost their lives, and many more were injured.

The Global Newspaper.



OIL & MONEY THE CHALLENGE OF THE 1990's THE EIGHTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE/OIL DAILY CONFERENCE, LONDON OCTOBER 22-23, 1987. THE program is designed to assist senior executives in the petroleum industry and related fields to determine their business strategies into the 1990's.

ARTS / LEISURE

Capricious Views of Venice

International Herald Tribune LONDON—With every art form being feverishly investigated by art historians, dealers and collectors alike, the possibility of making discoveries in the more familiar areas would appear a remote contingency. And yet it happens. A small exhibition of 22 paintings, "Venice in Perspective," at Harari & Johns in Duke Street, only 50 yards up from Christie's, provides the latest evidence.

Some of the art bunters who follow London auctions will go livid with angry jealousy as they stumble upon a small lagoon view by Francesco Guardi, the most famous of Vedutisti, as Venetian view painters of the 18th century came to be called. A small boat is tossed on a choppy sea done in vibrating strokes of thick blackish turquoise blue. In the foreground a dark line of scraggy rocks underlined a lurid patch of frothy waves lit up by the pale rays that come down from the stormy sky. In the distance, a fortress emerging from the darkness can no longer be identified—there is no way of determining whether this is one of Guardi's imaginary landscapes or "capriccios," or whether the monument has merely vanished with the passage of time. With its impressionistic effect, this is pure vintage Francesco.

Yet, less than four months ago at the viewing of the Phillips auction of Old Master paintings and drawings held on June 23, the panel could be seen, unframed and several shades grimmer. The catalogue described it as the work of "a follower of Giacomo Guardi," the son of Francesco. In the coded language of the art world, this is fairly close to pouring abuse on the picture. Giacomo, trained in his father's studio, was technically competent but hardly a master. He soon found out that there were pots of money to be made in doing pictures in his father's manner, beloved by Britons passing through Venice or on their Grand Tour of Europe. Giacomo was not even above supplying his father's signature when he felt it would go down better with his clientele. There are two small gouaches at Harari & Johns that

give a fair idea of his dry, trite style—priced at \$20,000 the pair for their documentary value. But when he set his mind to it, and swirled his brush with the proper motions that he had observed from his father, he could be dangerously convincing. Add the grime to Phillips's disparaging comment with an equally unflattering \$2,500 (about \$4,040) estimate, and no one took much notice as the painting sold for \$4,180 on June 23. The irony is that, when cleaned, the brushwork in this particular lit-

SOUREN MELIKIAN

tle picture is so quintessentially Francesco's that few would, a priori, think of questioning its authorship. Antonio Morassi, author of the reference work on the Guardi family of painters, "I Guardi," did not—it is reproduced in Plate 908 of Volume II as a Francesco. This little oversight will cost whoever wants what is actually a delightfully vivacious sketch in oils, the difference between Phillips's price and the \$50,000 tag that it now carries.

But to those who love landscape painting, there are surprises on a bigger scale. Merely by hanging side by side a handful of pictures makes the point that Venetian views as a genre were invented by Northern Europeans. True, Giuliano Briganti said as much as early as 1967 in a brilliant book on "Giuseppe van Wittel," the Dutch artist better known under his Italianized name Vanvitelli. He drew attention to the late 16th-century experiments in urban view painting by van Wittel's Dutch and Flemish predecessors in Rome—Willem van Nieuwlandt, Mathias Brill (brother of the famous Paulus Brill)—and to van Wittel's own crucial role in Venice.

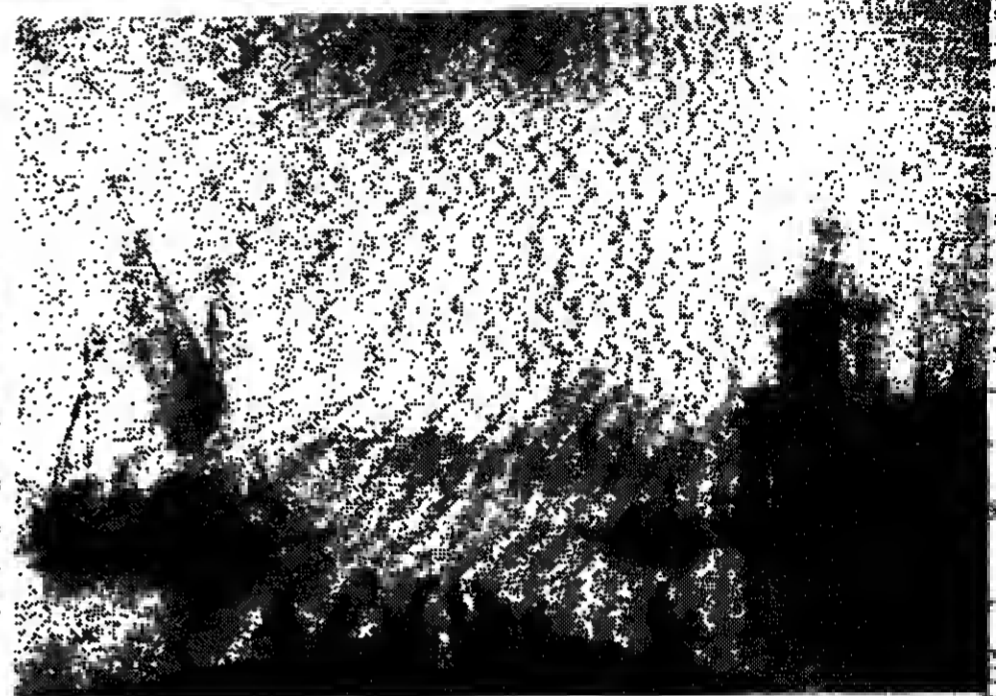
But Johns produces his demon-

stration in compact form and puts his finger on what probably triggered off the Vedutisti. The 17th-century view of "A Regatta at the Rialto Bridge" by the German artist Joseph Heintz the Younger suggests that the earliest painters took to Venice because of their search for fantastic scenes in the late Manneristic taste. The "Regatta" will surprise most visitors, even scholars. It is on loan from the City Art Gallery in Southampton, which does not exactly draw international crowds. It is an essay in paradoxical light effects and strange apparitions. The bridge rises at left like a huge mass plunged in darkness, ascended by a procession of robed figures in three-cornered hats. The rays of an annual sun come through the arch of the bridge, play upon the vermilion coats of gondoliers standing in a boat, but leave in the dark a second gondola, its spookily bluish figures wearing high silvery plumed hats. Far away in the distance, the golden light touches some facades and seems to be running around a big palazzo with its dark front serving as a backdrop to the regatta.

Very little is known about Heintz the Younger, born in Augsburg around 1600 and well entrenched in Venice by 1649. There he met a young Dutchman born in Utrecht, van Wittel, on whom he made a strong impression before dying in 1678. Although van Wittel does not share Heintz the Younger's feel for the fantastic and eerie, he too saw Venice as a stage setting. This comes out in the contrived appearance of his urban landscapes, such as his view of the Molo seen from the Isle of San Giorgio now in the exhibition with an \$80,000 price tag. The entrance to the Piazzetta and the Campanile appear in the distance at left, and the Palazzo Ducale is visible at right. Gondolas seem to be performing a sort of



Above: Joseph Heintz the Younger's "A Regatta at the Rialto Bridge." Right: "A Capriccio View of Venice Taken from the Entrance to the Grand Canal," by Johann Anton Richter.



maritime ballet. The small picture is a discovery. It is clearly a preparatory study, "probably a larger lost original," Johns writes. Unless some unpublicized disaster recently took place, however, it should not be hard to locate—the "larger original" hangs in the Prado, and shows exactly the same view, simply extended on either side. Brigante has reproduced it in his monograph on van Wittel.

Where both the Prado large-size painting and the exhibition preliminary study differ from the later Venetian views is in their typical Northern light. The pale blue sky with salmony clouds barely touched with gold seems unreal. The same light recurs in a contemporary of van Wittel's, influenced by Heintz's contemporary, the Swede Johan Anton Richter. Having left Stockholm at the age of 30, Richter was painting in Venice by 1717, rather different compositions under pale blue skies. He, too, was struck by the theatrical potential of Venice. Occasionally he redistributed the features of the city as he has done in a "capriccio" view taken from the entrance to the Grand Canal looking toward the Isle of San Giorgio but nonetheless incorporating part of the Giudecca with the Church of the Savior. In the foreground picturesque characters, including two men in Turkish costume, gesticulate on the angular tip of a wharf conveniently, if improbably, projecting into the sea. It may not be the greatest Venetian piece but it has all the charm of an 18th-

century stage prop. Its relative rarity partly explains why the \$45,000 was sold on the opening day to a Chicago collector of Old Masters focusing on Vedutisti.

Both Richter and his contemporary Luca Carlevaris, the first truly Italian painter specializing in Venice views, were under the spell of van Wittel, and both had considerable influence over Antonio Canal, or Canaletto as he is universally known. That he could be an admirable painter is demonstrated by another museum picture virtually unknown. "The Grand Canal Looking Northeast from the Palazzo Balbi to the Rialto Bridge" was lent by the Ferens Art Gallery in Kingston-upon-Hull in the Merseyside. The sweeping curve of the

canal, with blackish turquoise waters, is violently lit by stormy sunlight on one side while the other is in deep darkness. It is painted with immense subtlety in the handling of surfaces and conveys an expressive, threatening atmosphere that puts it miles apart from the Canaletto that are really popular—the enlarged picture postcards, with perspectives painstakingly emphasized and, when feasible, figures stuck like dummies to stake them out. One of these more conventional works was sold to a U.S. collector on Sept. 17 for \$1.3 million—needless to say, like all else sold in the exhibition, good or not so good. Indeed, prices, where the Venetian view painters are concerned, ap-

pear to depend largely on the subject matter and style of handling, rather than the painter's identity or even his mastery. A view of the Grand Canal by Bernardo Bellotto in a style that is a little crisper, a little stronger in color, was characteristically sold for exactly the same price as the Canaletto—\$1.3 million—to a New York collector of 18th-century Italian paintings. But a "coastal capriccio" by Francesco Guardi, much more unusual in composition and more poetic in inspiration, with its ruined tower on top of mountains imagined by the painter, is on offer at \$1 million. As Derek Johns glibly observed, "There are no gondolas," an unforgivable omission by the writ of the day.

Collector's Guide

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Possible Site Found for Thyssen Art

United Press International BONN—The vast art collection of Swiss Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza might be moved from the baron's lakeside villa at Lugano to a baroque palace outside Stuttgart, the West German newspaper Die Welt reports. Die Welt said Lothar Späth, premier of the state of Baden-Württemberg, has been in contact with the baron about acquiring the collection since West German President Richard von Weizsäcker got the idea during a visit to Switzerland early this year. The newspaper said Thursday that Madrid is also bidding for the

1,400-painting collection, which contains works by Albrecht Dürer, Hans Holbein and Domenico Ghirlandaio. The collection is regarded as the most valuable private art collection in the world after the one held by the British royal family. Die Welt said a decision will be made this autumn on whether the collection, which has outgrown its quarters in Villa Favorita on the shores of Lake Lugano, will go to Ludwigshafen Palace near Stuttgart or to a classical style palace offered by Madrid in the vicinity of the Prado museum.

Henri Cartier-Bresson: The Early Work The Museum of Modern Art 11 West 53 Street New York, New York Through November 29, 1987 Call Cuashtemetzin, Mexico City. 1934 © 1987 Henri Cartier-Bresson This exhibition has been made possible by grants from the International Herald Tribune, in celebration of its 100th Anniversary, and from Champagne Taictinger, as part of its program in support of the arts.

INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITIONS PARIS MUSÉE RODIN 77, rue de Varenne, Paris (7^e) - Métro Varenne Ornement de la Durée Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Adorée Villary, Lolo Fuller. Photographs: Auguste-Rodin's collection. Daily (except Tuesday) 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. SEPTEMBER 30 to NOVEMBER 30 GALERIE CAILLEUX 136, boulevard Saint-Etienne 75008 Paris - Tel.: 43.59.25.24 ASPECTS OF FRAGONARD Paintings - Drawings - Engravings From September 23 to November 7 VENICE Scuola Grande San Teodoro Campo San Salvador - Tel. (091) 520.96.62 DALI RETROSPECTIVE TRI-DIMENSIONAL - 1934 - 1984 (The complete oeuvre of important original sculpture) LONDON ZAMANA PRESENTS NICHOLAS EGON PAINTINGS OF JORDAN 1 October to 1 November 1987 Tuesday to Saturday 10-5 30 Sunday 12-5 30 Closed Mondays Zamana Gallery Limited 1 Cromwell Circle London SW7 2SL. Telephone 01-584 6612 (Opposite the Victoria & Albert Museum) NEW YORK François Boucher His Circle and Influence Paintings, Drawings, Prints and Porcelain Figures Through November 25th Fully illustrated catalogue available for \$78.40 plus \$3.00 postage within the U.S. STAIR SAINTY MATTHIESEN 42 East 74th Street New York, NY 10021 Telephone: (212) 288-1088 Monday-Friday, 10:30 to 5 Saturday, 10:30 to 1 "ART EXHIBITIONS" "ANTIQUES" "AUCTION SALES" appear on Saturday For more information, please contact your nearest U.S. representative or Françoise CLEMENT 181 Avenue Charles-de-Gaulle, 92521 Neuilly Cedex, France. Tel.: 46.37.93.00. Telex: 613599



ARTS / LEISURE

Fragonard's Sweet, Fantastic Vision of an Erotic Utopia

By Michael Gibson
International Herald Tribune

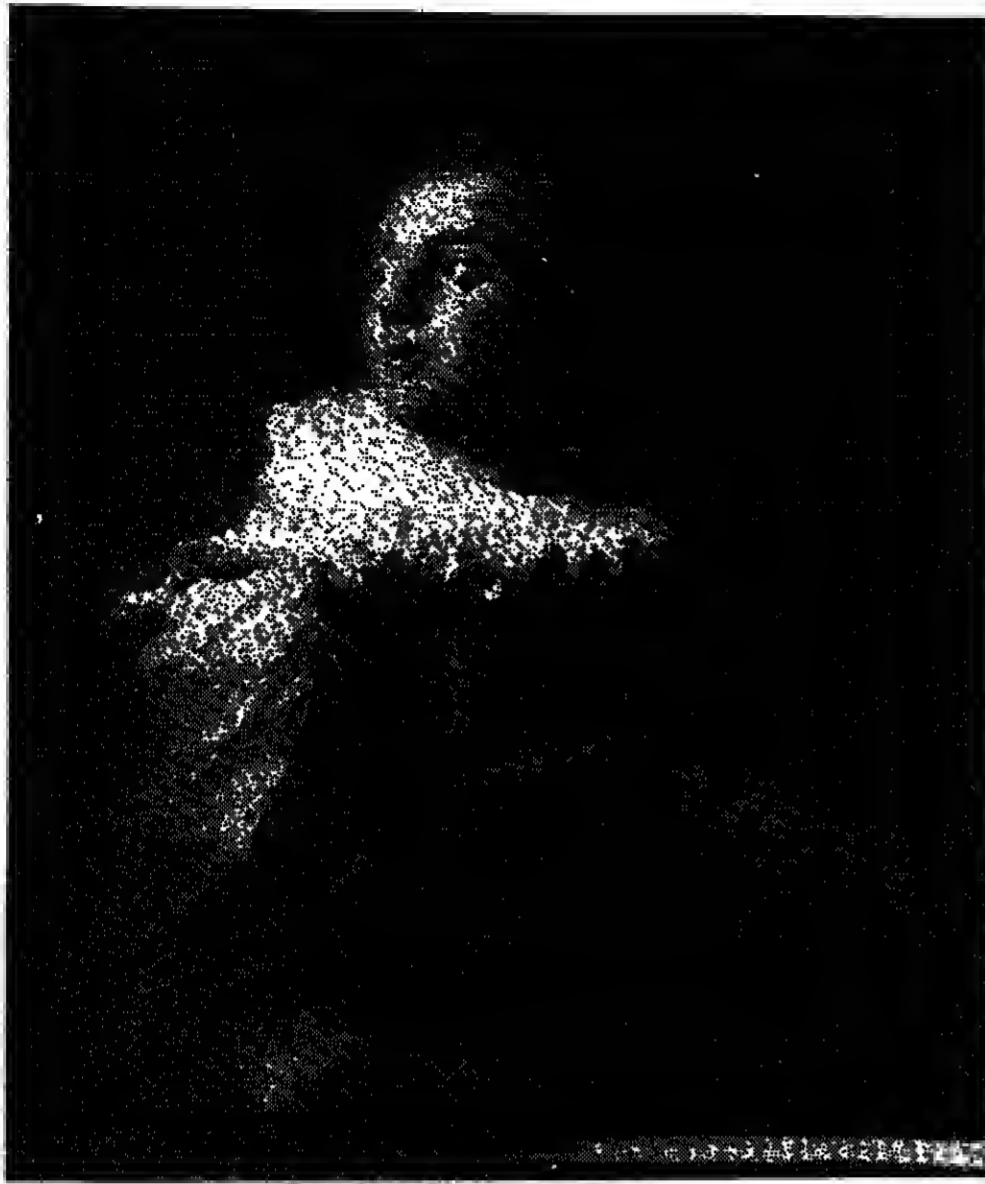
PARIS—There are two ways of looking at the work of Jean-Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806). According to one well-entrenched cliché, he was content to pander to the corrupt erotic fantasies of an idle and declining aristocracy. Considered thus, in a quasi-sociological light, his work does not really have much to yield. But if we look at it, rather, as a durable expression of all adolescent awakening to life and to erotic delight, his finest work can be regarded as an ecstatic hymn to youth, love, life and light: a rather sweet, dreamlike vision of an endless erotic utopia.

An impressive exhibition jointly organized by the Louvre and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York recently opened at the Grand Palais. The catalogue of more than 600 pages opens with the cheerful avowal that the book is "too long, too heavy and, as far as we are concerned, we swear it will be the last one of that size."

Little is known about Fragonard. As might be expected, later generations read his features in the mirror of his work and imagined him cheery, easy-going, insouciant and obsessed with teen-age girls. Art historians, on the basis of hints and occasional phrases in other people's letters (Fragonard almost never wrote anything), have come to depict him as shy, insecure, touchy and secretive under an outward veneer of cheeriness.

As far as his work is concerned, Fragonard has created a world with a specific mood. He followed in the footsteps of Watteau and Boucher (there is a family resemblance, one might say), but Fragonard's vision is something quite novel as soon as we consider his finest works.

His Eros led him to paint de-



Portrait of a Man, Called "The Actor."

lightful nudes and saucy little scenes like "Le Verrou" and "Le Baiser à la dérobée," but it was perhaps best expressed in landscape. Consider the two big paintings from the Kress Collection, "La Balançoire" and "Le Collin-maillard" or the even larger "La Fête à Saint-Cloud." In the smaller subjects the erotic content is charmingly rendered, without the slightest leer or crudeness, but it is still concentrated in the action described.

In the large works it has expanded to fill the whole landscape. It is a powerful presence in the enormous gushing fountains, in the tender motion of the trees, in nesting clouds, in the warm unending light of morning or late afternoon. And naturally it is in the games and pastimes of the people gathered under the towering skies — the tremendous space that Fragonard raises above his small human figures and that appears like a promise of an almost inexhaustible world of space and time without end.

But there is a broader Eros still, manifest in this work, and it is almost an Eros of infancy. One might be reminded of what Thomas Traherne wrote a century earlier: "The green trees when I saw them first transported and ravished me, their sweetness made my heart leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born and should die."

So there is enthusiasm in this work, but also, like in Watteau, though less acutely expressed, a form of melancholy: "I knew not that they were born and should die." Fragonard's work somehow freezes this ecstatic moment with its overwhelming benevolence and intensity. It also reflects the youth-

ful delight in all things sweet, in harmony, absence of contradiction, in sugar and red berries.

One may then suppose that the unformed, infantile features of the people he portrays were not really chosen to satisfy the supposedly prurient preferences of the artist's wealthy patrons, and that they are appropriate because of his constant, latent reference to a form of juvenile revelation and enthusiasm.

Fragonard, in his own day, was regarded as dated. He was a remnant of another age, unconcerned

with the hard-edge moral purposefulness that would appear in the work of David and his likes. In many ways, however, he was an unacknowledged forerunner. His extraordinarily vivacious brushstroke, which raised the painter's sketch to the status of a completed work, is an anticipation of developments in art.

They are most apparent in his portraits, which he dashed off so swiftly that he was proud to write on one of them: "Done in one hour's time." And finally, his subject matter, and the way in which

he stages it, is quite often an obvious anticipation of the romantic mood and thrust that was to come.

Consequently Fragonard deserves closer scrutiny than he has had until now, and this remarkable exhibition of more than 300 works (including some splendid drawings) is an excellent opportunity for doing so.

"Fragonard," Grand Palais, Paris, through Jan. 4; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Feb. 2 to May 8.

Japanese-Americans and the Constitution

By Nathaniel C. Nash
New York Times Service

WASHINGTON — While most celebrations of the United States Constitution involve a kind of self-congratulation, the celebration by the Smithsonian Museum, "A More Perfect Union: Japanese Americans and the U.S. Constitution," which opened Thursday, is just the opposite. It focuses on the confinement of more than 120,000 Japanese-Americans during World War II. A congressional study said that racial prejudice and wartime hysteria led to the revoking of constitutional rights despite the absence of evidence of illegal activities or that the Japanese-Americans were a threat to U.S. security.

"This is the story of a grave injustice done to a group of Americans who, by virtue of their ancestry, were denied basic civil rights guaranteed to all Americans," said Tom Crouch, the curator of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History. "Our concern is that all Americans understand the importance of extending the safeguards and protections of the Constitution to every citizen."

The exhibition is a vivid walk-through history of the Japanese-American experience 45 years ago when, in early 1942, men, women and children were forced from their homes, forced to close their shops, sell their homes and possessions for a pittance, and live behind barbed wire in remote camps for more than three years.

In life-size black-and-white photographs, the visitor sees faces of young boys of Japanese ancestry pledging their allegiance to the U.S. flag; shops bearing Japanese names that are shut or under new management; storefronts advertising that no Japanese need apply for employment, and Japanese-Americans being berded onto trains and into the camps that were scattered throughout the West.

"No Japs in Our Schools," one sign reads. "Japs Keep Moving, This Is a White Man's Neighborhood," another says.

The exhibition includes a oeroom shack typical of those in the camps, with furnishings supplied by Japanese-Americans who were interned. Privacy did not exist; two narrow steel cots are separated by a

blanket hanging from the ceiling. A portebelled stove provides heat. The walls are barren.

Particularly moving is a wall of drawings by children in the camps. The bright crayon colors, the stick figures and primitive images, so vividly reflecting American children and American culture, underline the insistence by the museum's director, Roger G. Kennedy that "this is an exhibit about us" and not about "them."

The exhibit has more than 1,000 artifacts and photographs gleaned from people who had been in the camps. "We found they really held onto these things," said Kennedy. "The experience was such a part of their past, they did not want to get rid of them."

decided to highlight the Japanese-American experience primarily because it was a major breach of constitutional rights that had yet to be fully redressed by the courts or the government. "This is a constitutional issue of the 1980s," Kennedy said. "We are not talking about a wrong of the past that has been dealt with."

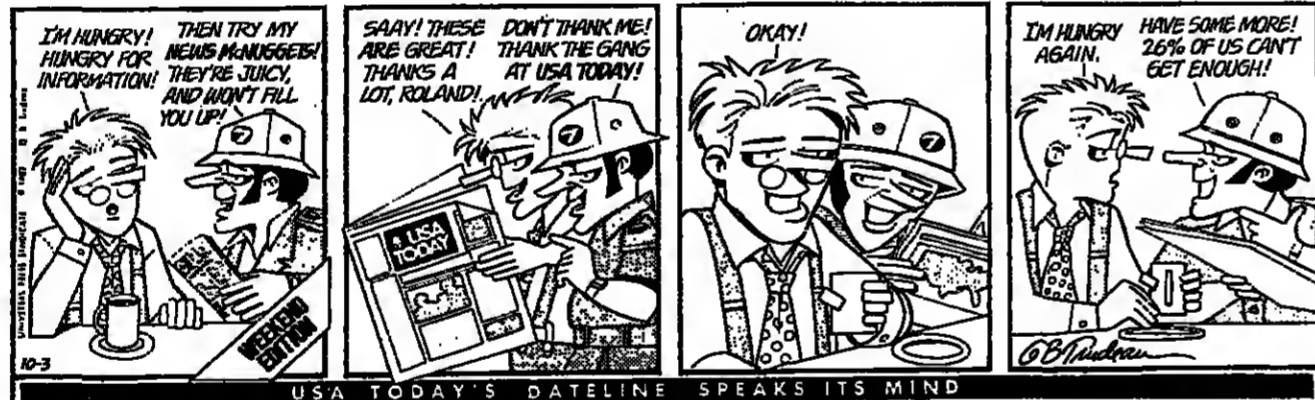
On Sept. 17, the House of Representatives passed a bill offering a national apology to the 66,000 surviving Japanese-Americans who were interned in the camps and provides monetary redress of \$20,000 for each individual, or a total of \$1.25 billion. The Senate is expected to consider similar legislation, but the Reagan administration has opposed it. Because the \$1 million project

highlights a time when Constitutional rights were lost instead of upheld, maneuvering it through the federal bureaucracy was laborious.

Three requests to the Office of Management and Budget for money were refused. Three times the top officials of the Smithsonian declined to accept the money. The \$750,000 of federal money was finally obtained at the insistence of Representative Norman Y. Mineta, Democrat of California, who spent several years in a detention camp.

The response has been far greater than expected: More than 3,000 Japanese-Americans flooded Washington Thursday, gathering on the steps of the Capitol in the morning, then proceeding to the Smithsonian exhibit.

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NYSE Index table with columns: Composite, Industrials, Finance, NYSE volume down, NYSE volume up.

Friday's NYSE Closing logo with text: Via The Associated Press

AMEX Diary table with columns: Close, Prev. Includes symbols like Advanced, Declined, Unchanged.

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Dow Jones Averages table with columns: Open, High, Low, Last, Chg. Includes symbols like Indus, Trans, Utilites, Finance, SP 500, NY 100.

Standard & Poor's Index table with columns: High, Low, Close, Chge. Includes symbols like Industrials, Finance, Utilities, S&P 500, NY 100.

NASDAQ Diary table with columns: Close, Prev. Includes symbols like Advanced, Declined, Unchanged.

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Tables include the nationwide prices up to the closing on Wall Street and do not reflect late trades elsewhere.

Large table of stock prices with columns: 12 Month High, Low, Stock, Div. Yld, P/E, 52 Week High, Low, Close, Chge.

NYSE Up on Earnings Outlook

United Press International. NEW YORK — Prices on the New York Stock Exchange closed narrowly higher Friday in active trading, buoyed by the prospect of robust third-quarter earnings. The Dow Jones industrial average, which soared nearly 43 points on Thursday, gained 1.79 points to 2,640.99. Gainers led losers by an 8 to 7 ratio and volume slipped to about 190.65 million shares from 193.20 million on Thursday. Prices were narrowly higher in active trading of American Stock Exchange and over-the-counter issues. Stocks posted small gains through most of the morning but slipped at midday as pressure from weak bond prices checked buying. But stocks then turned higher and posted modest gains for most of the afternoon. Traders said prices got support from prospects for healthy third-quarter corporate earnings. "In the next couple of weeks, we'll get a lot of earnings news and people will use those reports as a vehicle for getting back into the market," said Larry Greenwald, co-manager of equity trading at Sanford C. Bernstein. He said the market's recent correction has left investors "flush with cash" and ready to get back into the market gradually. The government's report that September U.S. unemployment fell to 5.9 percent from 6 percent in August was in line with market expectations. But bond prices nonetheless fell on the conviction that with stronger economic growth indicated, interest rates will rise and the Federal Reserve Board will tighten its credit policy. But Mr. Greenwald noted that the credit markets focus on Fed policy while equity investors also look at corporate earnings. "Strong corporate earnings can give the stock market a boost that the bond market won't get," Mr. Greenwald said. Illinois Power was the most active NYSE-listed issue, unchanged at 25 1/2. National Semiconductor followed, rising 1 to 2 1/4. Among other semiconductor issues, Advanced Micro Devices rose 3/4 to 34 1/4 and Texas Instruments climbed 2 1/4 to 48 1/4. Carolina Power & Light was third, easing 1/4 to 35 1/4. IBM climbed 1/4 to 155 1/4 after jumping 3 1/4 Thursday, when its rebound after a month-long slide was cited as a market morale booster. Among other blue chips, AT&T slipped 1/4 to 34 1/4. American Express fell 1/4 to 37, General Electric rose 1/4 to 62 1/4. Primera rose 2 1/4 to 48 1/4 and DuPont climbed 2 1/4 to 122 1/4. Alexander's Inc. jumped 4 1/4 to 49 1/4. New York real-estate investor Donald Trump was asked to buy more shares of the company's stock. Composite volume of NYSE-listed issues including trades in stocks on regional exchanges and on the over-the-counter market totaled 215,415,840 shares, compared with 214,212,400 in the previous session. Prices rose in moderate trading of American Stock Exchange and over-the-counter issues. Home Shopping Network led the Amex actives, rising 1/4 to 13 1/4.

NYSE Up on Earnings Outlook

Continuation of the NYSE Up on Earnings Outlook article, discussing market trends and specific stock movements.

Large table of stock prices with columns: 12 Month High, Low, Stock, Div. Yld, P/E, 52 Week High, Low, Close, Chge.

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INTERNATIONAL Herald Tribune

100th Anniversary Report

Section II: What's Inside

This special edition is the second of two (the first appeared yesterday) marking the 100th anniversary of the International Herald Tribune...

- Computers: How the IHT gets the news, selects specific stories, edits them and presents the package to its readers.
Satellites: How the IHT is printed all over the world...



It seems almost incredible that a man can attempt such a flight so poorly equipped for finding his way across the wide expanse of waters...

A Correspondent Comes of Age

The special quality of the Paris Herald has rarely been evoked more warmly than by Al Lancy, for many years night editor, in his 1947 book, 'Paris Herald - The Incredible Newspaper...'

West in storm the Eastern citadels of learning. He arrived at Harvard for graduate work in economics and stuck it out a year...



Ralph Barnes

By Al Lancy COLD rain was blowing across Paris on a certain autumn evening in 1925. It was a stormy night and a stormy man who came in out of it...

where, at that time, ambitious young fellows were allowed to write on spec and were paid at space rates if anything was used...

Although he had few assignments at all and no good ones, Barnes haunted the Eagle office and a few weeks later, he heard the head of the copy desk telling his copy readers that there was a job open on the Evening World desk...

On the Eagle recommendation, Barnes was hired and the Eagle's estimate of the situation proved correct. He lasted just about five minutes. He was told in call at the cashier's window for a week's pay and beat it...

See BARNES, Page V

Images of the Trib: Films, Novels and Even a Song

By Elizabeth Ayre International Herald Tribune

If those comely Golden Girls were still hawking copies of the Paris Herald along the Champs-Elysees today, they would be fitting their 100th anniversary...

only includes the characteristic cameo shot of the director, but also one of the Herald's two terribly British cricket fans who share a rickety bed in a Balkan hotel...

cinematographic and its style rigorous. Elie Chouraqui, director of the new film 'A Man on Fire'...



Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg, 'Breathless,' 1960.

Sparrow Robertson: 'Who's This Guy Lippmann?'

'Undoubtedly the most important occurrence at the Paris Herald in the early 1920s was the hiring of Sparrow Robertson.'

and double-breasted suit, which was somewhat scruffy from his habit of curling up for catnaps in taxis or telephone booths...

heroine of the greatest athletic feat ever accomplished by a woman, namely, the swimming of the English Channel, left Paris from the Gare Saint-Lazare yesterday morning...

I am told, fifty-seven varieties. We sampled a few of the brands while we were discussing boxing and golf' (Jan. 10, 1930).

looked easy enough: just skew the syntax, scramble the metaphors and throw in a few 'old pals.'



The Sparrow

Copy editors had standing instructions not to touch the Sparrow's copy, except for obvious misspellings.

See SPARROW, Page III

The IHT's Paris, Through Its 100 Years

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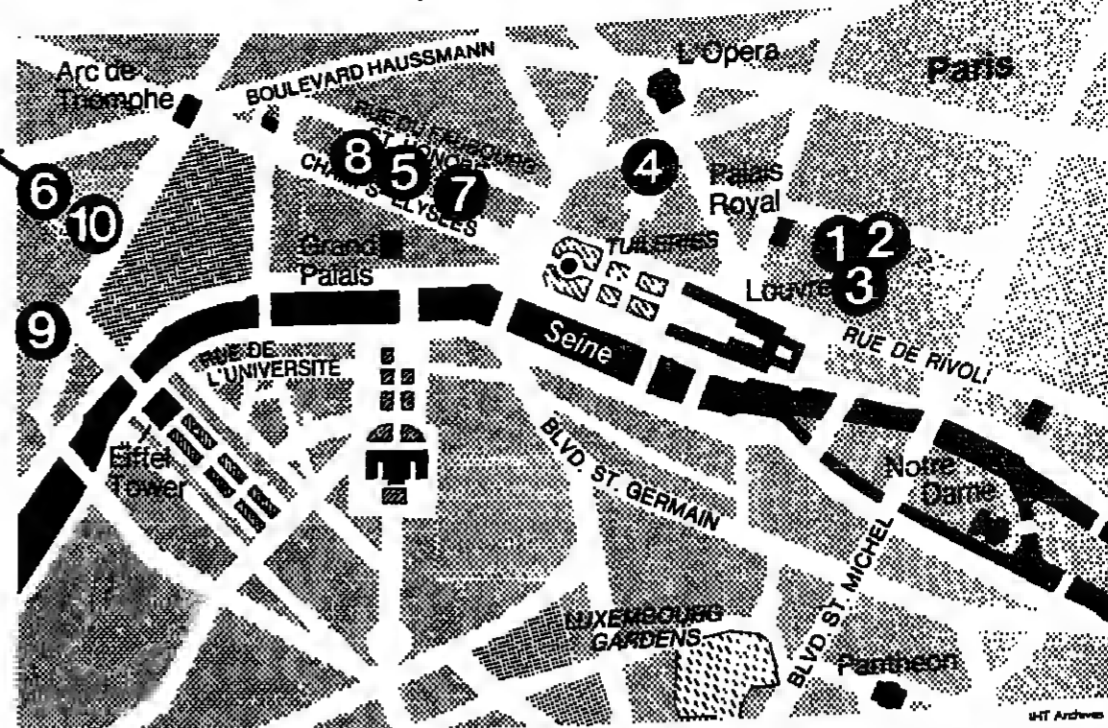
And in helping to dispel some of the venerable myths which still cling to our own country, France.

For example, that our role in international commerce is limited to supplying the world with perfume, haute couture, and a bevy of delicious things to eat and drink.

When, in fact, advanced technology aerospace products like Airbus, Ariane, ATR, helicopters and satellites now represent one of France's primary sources of foreign export revenues.

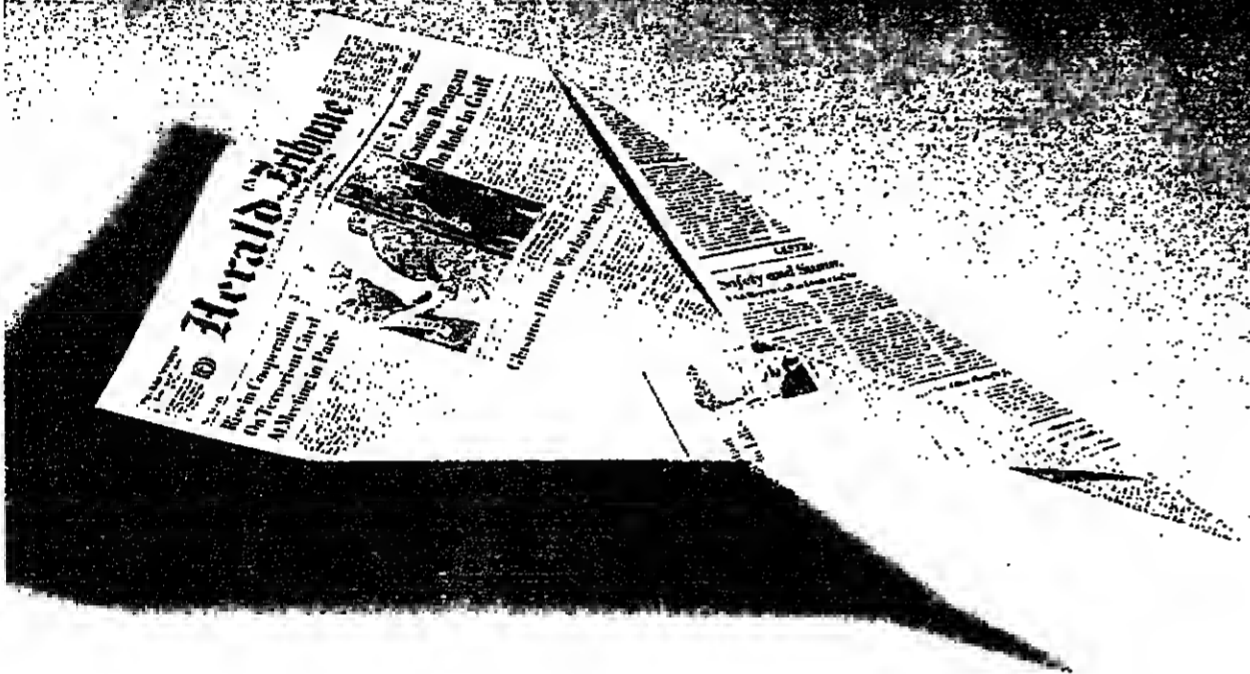
Happy Hundredth, International Herald Tribune. May you continue to produce a great paper for another century.

Just as we intend to continue producing great airplanes.



- 1 — 5, Rue Coq Heron; editorial office, 1887-Dec. 1889.
- 2 — 123, Rue Montmartre; editorial office, 1889-90.
- 3 — 38, Rue du Louvre; editorial office, 1890-1930.
- 4 — 49, Avenue de l'Opéra; business office, 1887-1930s.
- 5 — 21, Rue de Berr; editorial-business office, 1930-78.
- 6 — 181, Avenue Charles de Gaulle, Neuilly; editorial and business offices, 1978 to present.

- 7 — 104, Avenue des Champs-Élysées; Bennett residence and office, from about 1887 to 1918.
- 8 — 120, Avenue des Champs-Élysées; Bennett residence and office, from about 1877 to 1918.
- 9 — Avenue d'Iena; Bennett residence, circa 1900 to 1918.
- 10 — Passy Cemetery, off Trocadéro. Grave of Bennett and his widow, in a mausoleum marked only with an owl.



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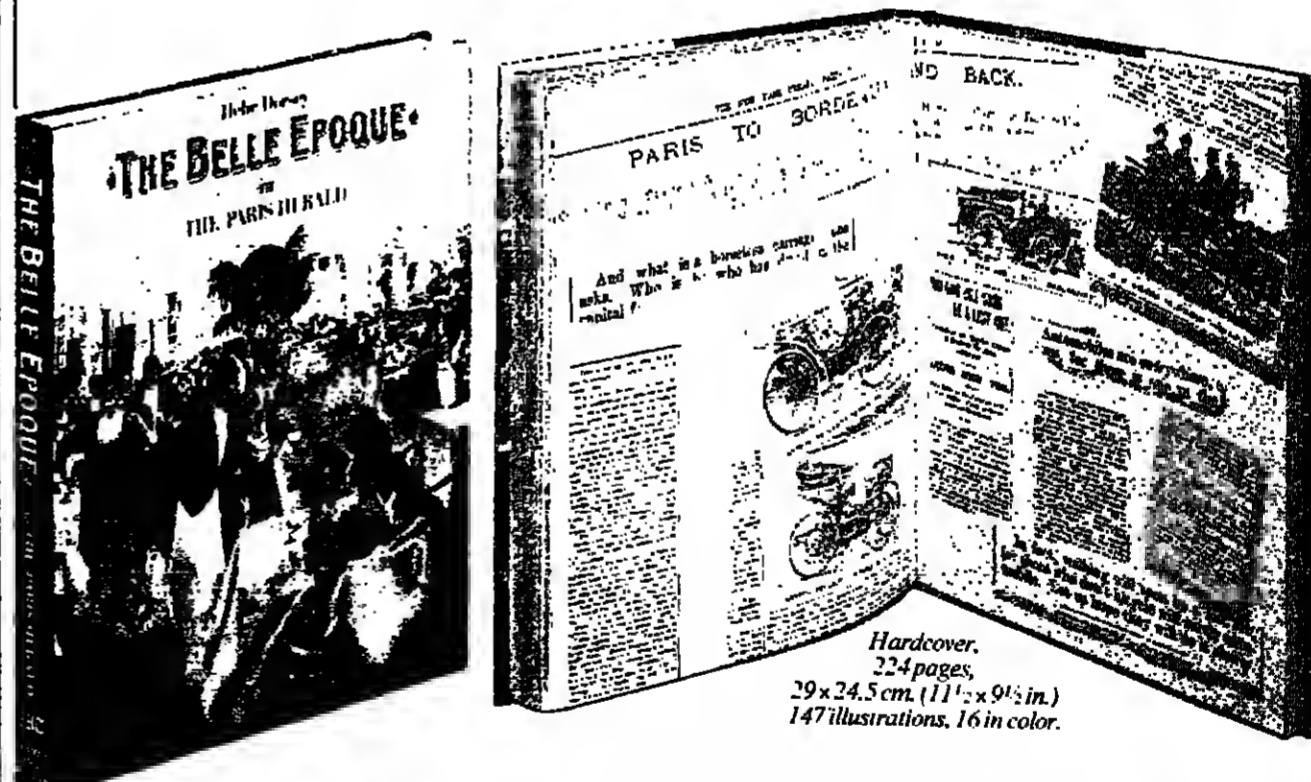
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SPARROW

(Continued from Page 1)

During a Paris sojourn Eugene O'Neill became addicted to the Sparrow's column. "He's the greatest writer in the world," the playwright exclaimed. "I wouldn't miss him a single day."

Once, an error in the composing room caused the Sparrow's byline to be switched with that of Walter Lippmann, the political analyst. "Who's this guy Lippmann?" the Sparrow asked. "Where'd they get that stuff?" Nothing was heard from Lippmann, whose heavy thinking that day appeared under the Sparrow's byline.

Born William Harrison Robertson in Edinburgh in 1855 and brought to the United States at the age of two, the Sparrow grew up on Manhattan's Lower East Side. He peddled newspapers, ran a sporting goods store and promoted track meets and boxing tournaments. His nickname was born when a ward boss saw him at a Tammany Club party in a rented tailcoat so oversized that, as he danced, the tails swept the polished floor. "Who's the sparrow?" the politician asked, and the name stuck.

During World War I, the Sparrow was hired by the YMCA to help stage athletic events for American troops in France. In part, perhaps because Prohibition was taking hold in the States, he decided that Paris was the place for him. Thrice married, by his own account, but by that time on his own, he set sail for France.

The Herald hired him on the strength of a recommendation from the New York Evening Sun, to which he had contributed small sports items decades earlier. He quickly became the troubador for the thousands of Americans who trooped to Paris in the 1920s, chronicling the off-hours escapades of his "old pals."

Some say that the only French he ever learned was the word "ici" (here), to accompany a pointed gesture as he indicated the spot on the bar where his drink should be placed.

The first stop on the Sparrow's beat was usually Harry's New York Bar, the most popular gathering place for Americans. He would cover the Opera neighborhood, sidetrack to the Champs-Elysees, and then work his way up the hill of Montmartre, quaffing double brandies with "old pals" without number, and arrive at the top about dawn.

The Sparrow also organized an ongoing "Death Watch," which simply meant sitting up drinking all night with departing Americans so they would not miss the early-

morning boat train. The following day he often ended his column with the words "Never again." He never missed a deadline, but sometimes when three or more "never again" nights occurred in a single week, his column shrank to half-size, and in great extremity sometimes consisted simply of answers to sports questions by imaginary readers.

Like any good newsman, the Sparrow knew how to protect his sources. Thus:

"One of our Old Pals cashed 22,000 francs at a local race track the other day, but Mum's the word as to mentioning his name, because if I mentioned same, his Dear Missus, who reads the Paris Herald every day, and if she read in my column that he nicked them for that amount she, as he told me, would hold him up for a complete new outfit. So, Okay, Old Pal, we will keep mum."

Eric Hawkins, the newspaper's managing editor from 1924 to 1960, recounts in his book "Hawkins of the Paris Herald" that when the Sparrow was covering sports, he refused to be distracted by peripheral events.

The Sparrow once covered a prizefight in Marseille, whose outcome was so displeasing to the locals that a major riot broke out. Jules Frantz of the rival Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune phoned in an account of the mob violence which was displayed across his paper's front page. The only mention in the Paris Herald was a sentence or two in the Sparrow's round-by-round dispatch about the boxing match.

Joining the Sparrow at a bar afterward, Frantz asked, "Send a good story, Sparrow?"

"I sent 'em the blow-by-blow rundown."

"Nothing else?"

"Get away with that stuff. I came here to cover a fight, not a riot."

The 1930s Depression scarcely slowed the Sparrow down, and he gave short shrift to the approach of World War II. In November 1938, the Sparrow, oblivious to Europe's feverish preparations for war, merrily recounted a Thanksgiving Day misadventure with an Old Pal encountered in Harry's Bar.

The Old Pal invited him home for turkey. The Sparrow readily assented, although it was obvious that "I was being made his alibi after his being about nine hours late for his family Thanksgiving dinner."

The Old Pal, explaining that "we need a little priming before meeting my missus," took the Sparrow on the rounds of neighborhood bars, and they arrived at the Old Pal's house at 11:15 P.M.

"When I took a look in mamma's eyes," the Sparrow wrote, "I thought a getaway was the best for

me," especially after she told him, "Mr. Sparrow, you had better come around some other night as there will probably be a fight in this establishment tonight."

The party lasted until the Germans occupied Paris in June 1940. The Herald closed up shop days before the invaders marched in.

Walter Kerr, longtime correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, has recounted the Sparrow's first encounter with German officialdom. The Sparrow was living in the Hotel Lotti, and when German officers were quartered there he stayed on. He was stopped at the door late the first evening after the Germans moved in. The guard told him it was past curfew.

"Where do you get that stuff?" the Sparrow roared.

This brought the officer of the guard on the run. He recognized the Sparrow instantly. They had met at the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936. The Sparrow went out that night and the German officer went with him.

Eventually, though, he had to move out of the Lotti. He found quarters in the American Legion building.

For months thereafter the Sparrow, his old beat increasingly curtailed by curfews and closings, nevertheless showed up every day at the unlighted, unheated Herald Tribune building on the Rue de Berri, faithfully typing a column that would never be printed — and leaving it on Eric Hawkins's deserted desk.

Eventually he stopped writing, but still came every day to sit for hours in the cold, darkened office. He refused to leave Paris.

Finally, at the urging of friends, he agreed to move to a little house he owned at Bois-le-Roi, just outside Paris, near Fontainebleau. It was there he died of a stroke on June 10, 1941, aged 86, collapsing on the platform as he stepped off the train from Paris. It was just a year after the paper had stopped printing.

Perhaps even more than the closing of the paper, Sparrow Robertson's death marked the end of the colorful old Paris Herald.

"Few men," Al Lasey wrote, "ever gave more pleasure to others simply by living the life that seemed good."

"Sparrow Robertson," wrote Charles Robertson (no relation) in "The International Herald Tribune: The First Hundred Years," "seems to incarnate the spirit of the paper in the interwar years: unabashedly American yet thoroughly expatriate, in but not of Paris, trying hard to ignore the social, economic and political upheaval of the times, and acting bravely as though the familiar world would go on forever."



Tunney sizes up a crouching Dempsey on his way to victory by decision, September 1926.

Fight-Night Brandemonium

By John F. Foy
International Herald Tribune

ON the night of Sept. 23, 1926, in a newspaper city room in Paris, a rowdy staff of journalists, loosened up by a case of cognac, severely bent a supposedly iron rule against splashing stories across the front page.

But it wasn't just any story. Heavyweight boxer Gene Tunney had just made history in the rain by overthrowing Jack Dempsey, the world champion, before 121,000 spectators at the outdoor Sesquicentennial Stadium in Philadelphia.

The 10th-round decision that night was controversial and wildly unexpected. Almost as surprising was its spectacular display thousands of miles across the Atlantic by the Paris Herald.

What happened in Paris that night? Of course the magnitude of the story played a part in the staff's spontaneous decision to put together a special 5 A.M. edition, complete with banner headline and a round-by-round summary. But a surprise supply of cognac also figured in the appearance of what stood as the first Herald Extra to appear since the end of World War I, if not the first in the paper's history.

Two names emerge from the hilarity of that night, as Al Lasey, a former editor at the Paris Herald, told the story in his book "Paris Herald — The Incredible Newspaper," published in 1947. The two were Sparrow Robertson, the prominent sport-and-gossip columnist for the paper in the 1920s, and Harry MacElhone, the owner of Harry's New York Bar in Paris.

The Sparrow was a wily old hand with fine connections. He had anticipated the fight-night blitz of American tourists at the editorial offices at 38, Rue du Louvre on the Right Bank. He arranged for an ad on the sports page announcing that Harry's Bar, near the Paris Opera, would remain open all night for fight news, phoned in by him from the Herald. In return, MacElhone, a Scot, sent over staggering quantities of French brandy — a rare gift — to fortify the Herald staff in its nightlong marathon.

Philadelphia began arriving 15 minutes later. Despite the Sparrow's foresight, fans flocked into the shop at the Rue du Louvre.

Many of these interfering compatriots reached the city room and, with the Sparrow, began to toast Dempsey's expected early-rounds victory. Some went out to bring back more refreshments. Others knocked back rounds with the French reporters, who had arrived for news and were happy to find an alcoholic bonus. (The Paris press for years relied on the Herald's superior communications, if not its supply of brandy, when big news was breaking.)

Two cyclists relayed dispatches from the telegraph office, on the Boulevard des Italiens near the Opera, to the Rue du Louvre. Copyboys ran patterns through the swirl of giddy tourists and journalists to hand off dispatches to the night editor. About the last sober man left, he was frantically rewriting stripped-down news cables into full-blown stories, then hurrying copy at the handworking printers.

Brandy flowed, strangers whirlpooled about, and the fight went on. Near 4 A.M., after the 10th and last round, the final cable came in. Tunney was the new champ, by decision. The most disconsolate person in the city room was the Sparrow, who'd been forecasting a Dempsey victory in his Sporting Gossip column since as early as July.

That edition sold out fast. Not nearly enough papers were printed to meet the demand. Laurence Hills, the paper's editor and manager in the mid-1920s, and Ogden Reid, then its president, punished no one for the staff rebellion.

Almost 60 years later, ways and means have changed. When Sugar Ray Leonard beat Marvin Hagler last April 7 in another startling upset, the results flashed silently across the Atlantic from Las Vegas to the IHT in Neuilly. As stories arrived in the early hours of the morning, they were stored on computer disks. The sports editor, coming in at 11 A.M., called up all the news on a green video display screen, edited it, then simply pushed a button to set the story in type. No all-night scramble, no tourists, no brandy. And no Extra.



The Sparrow evaluates French Champ Georges Carpentier.

IMAGES

(Continued from Page 1)

one of many fair maidens whom Miller included in his Paris revels: "And then there was Jeanne of the Herald Tribune/Who brought bottles of wine up to the room." And so on. Ah, sweet naiveté.

Recent works of popular literature also make good use of Tribiana. For example, the old Herald of founder James Gordon Bennett Jr. is one of the principal settings for perhaps the hottest current novel in France, Paul-Loup Sulitzer's "La Femme Pressée." Richard Cox's recent spy thriller, "The Columbus Option," is built around a globe-trotting 1980s IHT journalist. And a 1981 potboiler from Harold Robbins, "Goodbye Jeanette," offers a role to IHT fashion editor Hebe Dosey.

Gwen Davis's novel "Romance," published by Harbor House in 1983, reveals a heroine who truly takes her news to heart:

"The South of France had restored in me a passion for clarity so I woke every morning with a rapacious appetite for that day's

edition of the Tribune, which I looked forward to as I would meeting with a lover. Naturally I concealed the depth of my beat for the paper from Sal, as I would any other infidelity."

One may also discover a penchant for those behind the columns, as in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "News of Paris — Fifteen Years Ago," published posthumously in 1947: "What are you planning to do, Hildene?" he demanded kindly.

"I shall marry," she said. "A rich American if I can. That young man I just left, for example — he is on the staff of the New York Herald Tribune."

"Reporters are not rich," he reproved her, "and that one doesn't look very promising."

Or, perhaps, the Herald Tribune is a remedy for despair, as Woody Allen's short story "The Kugelmass Episode," published in The New Yorker, suggests: "Kugelmass stared out the window at the Wollman Rink and contemplated suicide. Too bad this is a low floor, he thought, or I'd do it now. Maybe if I ran away to Europe and started life over. . . . Maybe I could sell the International Herald Tribune, like those young girls used to."



The older you get, the wiser you get. And we should know.

Congratulations to the International Herald Tribune on 100 years of objective, intelligent and witty journalism, from a like-minded newspaper.

THE OBSERVER

(Founded 1791)

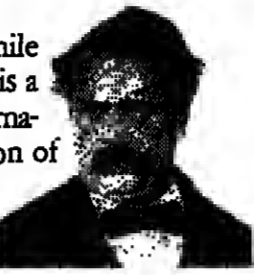
James and Louis. Together since 1887.



James Gordon Bennett Jr., founder of the International Herald Tribune.

Inveterate travelers and visionaries both, James Gordon Bennett and Louis Vuitton might easily have made each other's acquaintance in Patagonia or at the summit of Annapurna. But they met simply through this tiny advertisement. Created for Louis Vuitton and published by the International Herald Tribune, it cannot but move anyone aware of its consequences. Thus, the International Herald Tribune is celebrating its one hun-

dreth anniversary, while Louis Vuitton Malletier is a major presence on international markets. The union of Louis Vuitton and Moët Hennessy within the LV, MH



Louis Vuitton, trunk maker founded 1854.

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Louis Vuitton advertisement published in 1907 by the International Herald Tribune.



Bennett and the Owl: 'Herald of the Night'

By Virginia Vitztoz
ONE of the several uncertainties surrounding the manifold eccentricities of James Gordon Bennett Jr., founder of this newspaper, was just why the man was spell-bound by owls.

Bennett had plenty of offbeat enthusiasms: packs of small noisy dogs, omnipresent centigrade thermometers and high-speed coach driving among them. But owls by far were dominant.

Around his country estates they flitted and swooped, as privileged (noted one biographer) as sacred monkeys round an Asian temple. Indoors, there was an abundance of stuffed owls and owl statues. Paintings of owls lurked in the corners.

Curved, cast or molded, owls served as adornments and receptacles. They decorated his stationery, his china, his coaches and cars, even the livery of his servants.

And they were not only symbols but guides.

Bennett for years had considered creating an English-language newspaper in Europe, but couldn't quite make up his mind. One night in 1887, as he stood on his balcony of his apartment overlooking the Champs Elysees, he heard an owl hoot. Taking this as a favorable omen, he then and there made his decision and the Paris Herald began to take shape. And in its early years, the symbol which dominated the editorial page was, of course, an owl.

But why owls? One explanation has it that Bennett, on watch as a young officer during the American Civil War, dozed off one night and that only the hooting of an owl awakened him. Other accounts emphasize the role of Bennett's father, who told him that the owl symbolized the good newspaperman, vigilant and watchful through the night—even sleeping with his eyes open. And, of course, the owl is the favorite bird of Athena, Greek goddess of counsel and war. On Bennett's seals, an owl appears, with a legend underneath reading "La nuit porte conseil." This same motto became a fixture in the Herald itself.

Perhaps the most compelling clue, however, comes from William Shakespeare's reference, in *Venus and Adonis*, to "the owl, night's

herald": for Bennett, a perfect combination of images. Whatever the reasons for Bennett's compulsion, his fascination with these birds is clear. There were times, in fact, that it nearly got out of hand.

When Bennett built the New York Herald building on Herald Square in New York in 1894, modeled on the Palazzo del Consiglio (note the word counsel, again) in Verona, he had the roof's perimeter decorated with 18 massive bronze owls with great yellow eyes that lit up at night and glowered down upon the city.

One survivor of this flock made its way from Herald Square to the Herald Tribune's later offices on West 41st Street, and then on to France, where it perches today in the publisher's office in New York. (It is just one of several latter-day uses of the owl as an IHT symbol. The paper's in-house newsletter, for example, is named *The Owl*.)

Perhaps the most extreme manifestation of Bennett's owl mania came when he began hatching a plan for his funeral monument. This, he decided, was to be a statue 200 feet high, to be erected on Bennett property in Washington Heights overlooking Manhattan. It was to be in the form of a gigantic owl, 125 feet high, on a 75-foot pedestal.

As the headstrong Bennett outlined the project, and architect Stanford White designed it, the owl would be hollow, with a circular staircase leading up to its eyes, which were to be windows looking out over the city. His coffin would

hang from two steel chains suspended from inside the owl's head, so that visitors, trudging upward on the interior staircase, would be able to pay their respects to the monument's creator en route to a magnificent view of the city.

Bennett, for a time, worked excitedly over his plans. The owl was to glare "ferociously," he insisted. It was to be made of glazed granite and to be finished as soon as possible in order to constitute a New York landmark even before his death.



A Bennettian concept of his funeral monument, as sketched by the architect. Inset: bookplate from the publisher's yard.



Bennett's dream of spending eternity in the head of an owl came to an abrupt end when White was shot to death. Bennett, apparently deciding this was a bad omen, canceled the project.

By the time death came to Bennett a dozen years later, he had married and mellowed. His funeral was a model of dignity and his remains were interred quietly, in Paris, at the Passy Cemetery on the Place du Trocadero.

No name nor inscription, no birth or death date is on his tombstone. The final resting place of James Gordon Bennett Jr. is marked only by a solitary carved owl.

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Motor, Sport" made it their "World Champion 1987". Could there be a better recommendation? The Golf. It has all the distinctive Volkswagen qualities: reliability, economy, durability and an unusually full warranty package. Volkswagen. You know it makes sense.



How Computers Help To Shape the News

By Arniel Kornel
NOT long ago, the words in this newspaper would have endured a long series of transformations wrought with ink, paper and lead before reaching the page.

In the last two decades, however, computers have become the favored tools for helping reporters and editors shape rough prose into polished articles.

That's not to say that the publication of intelligible and informative newspapers is impossible without them. But it's increasingly rare.

By and large, information technologies have fundamentally altered the way journalists and printers do their work. And in the process, they have made possible the delivery of fresher and more tightly edited news to readers.

Among European newspapers, the International Herald Tribune has been a pioneer in its use of computers and advanced communications. The paper's technological commitment can be traced back to 1986, when its forerunner, the New York Tribune, made history by installing the first commercially available mechanical typesetter.

This was the Linotype. Developed by Ottmar Mergenthaler, it accessed stored sets of characters, assembled them and cast slugs of lead type ready for printing.

ic phototypesetters fed by long reams of telex-punched paper tape to set some material, mostly financial figures.

In 1978, the paper installed electronic text editing and phototypesetting systems in a glass and steel building at its new Neully headquarters. This initial system itself became a casualty of advancing technology when it was replaced, in 1984, with the Atex Corp. mini-computer system.

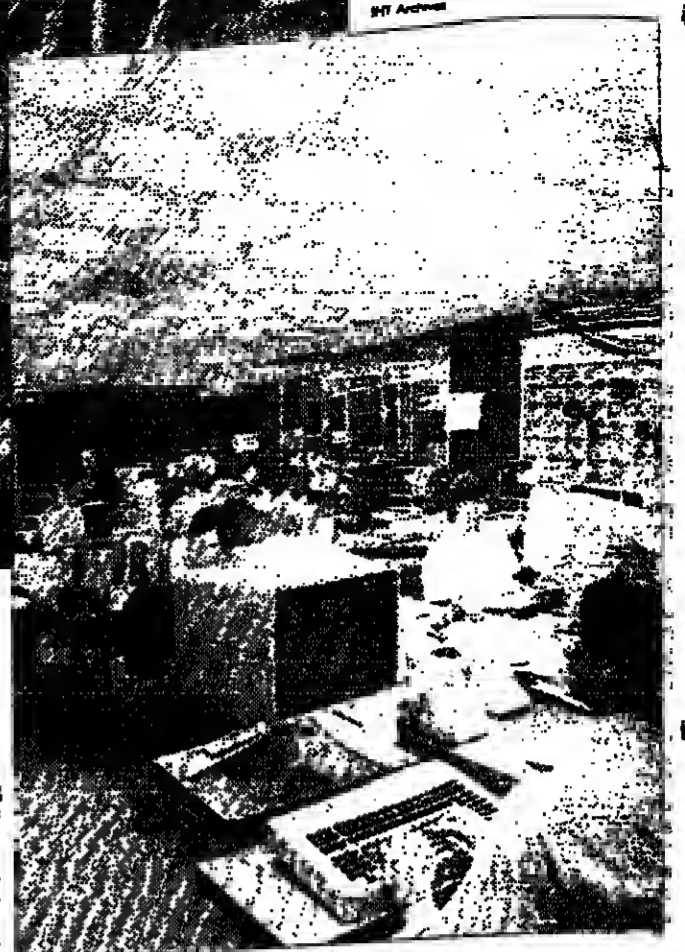
Left behind were the clanging Linotypes that had served at its Rue de Berri address since the 1930s. And gone, too, were most of the telex machines and typewriters.

Few would dispute that the transition has succeeded in its objectives of lowering production costs, particularly as far as the printer work force is concerned, while enabling the paper to get more news to more readers more quickly.

In fact, whereas a seasoned Linotypist could set about 250 lines of text per hour, the paper's electronic typesetter can spew out four times as much each minute.

When all is working well, the IHT's Atex system monitors communications links, stores information, enables the paper's journalists to write and edit stories at their terminals, and passes finished copy on to the electronic typesetters.

Fed by a dozen international telecommunications lines, the system automatically sifts through about 3 million words a day pouring in from around the world. It stores a third of them for perusal by



At the Neully offices, editors and computer terminals have supplanted the printers and linotypes of earlier years.

the paper's editors, who each day undertake the gargantuan task of selecting the approximately 50,000 words that will find their way into the day's edition.

Editors and reporters, using some of the 60 terminals linked to the system's five processors, prepare the stories for publication. The text editing features of the Atex system, specially designed for a newspaper environment, permit the journalists to move or delete copy with simple keystrokes.

After stories have received the final editorial touches, a single keystroke commands the computer to move the article into one of two Harris Corp. phototypesetters located in the page makeup area. These machines print characters at high resolution onto a wide roll of glossy photographic paper using pulses of light.

A computer-guided electron beam paints the characters on the face of a cathode ray tube, which in turn illuminates white, photosensitive paper that is passed through an automatic developer. The comput-

er traces the proper character based on digital information stored in its memory. Referring to a table of character widths, it generates the correct space between characters and words, and advances the paper as necessary.

The printers, the same breed that once cast hot lead and set type, now cut and paste the text onto full-size pages. Those pages will be photographed and transmitted by electronic facsimile machines to the IHT's print sites around the world.

For those who knew the pre-computer days, a certain nostalgia remains. Jean Favre, production manager, joined the IHT as a Linotype operator 42 years ago. "The ambience, the odor of the ink—there was everything," he said. "Now there is nothing of that."

But few would dispute that the computers are here to stay. Said one editor who has been at the paper longer than most: "No one who's worked with the electronic system could consider going back to lead, if spite of the love we had for it."

The March of Time

ONE HUNDRED years ago when the then *Paris Herald* was founded in New York, there was no radio or television, no airplanes or satellites, and very little ready international communication or transportation of any kind. Today there is.

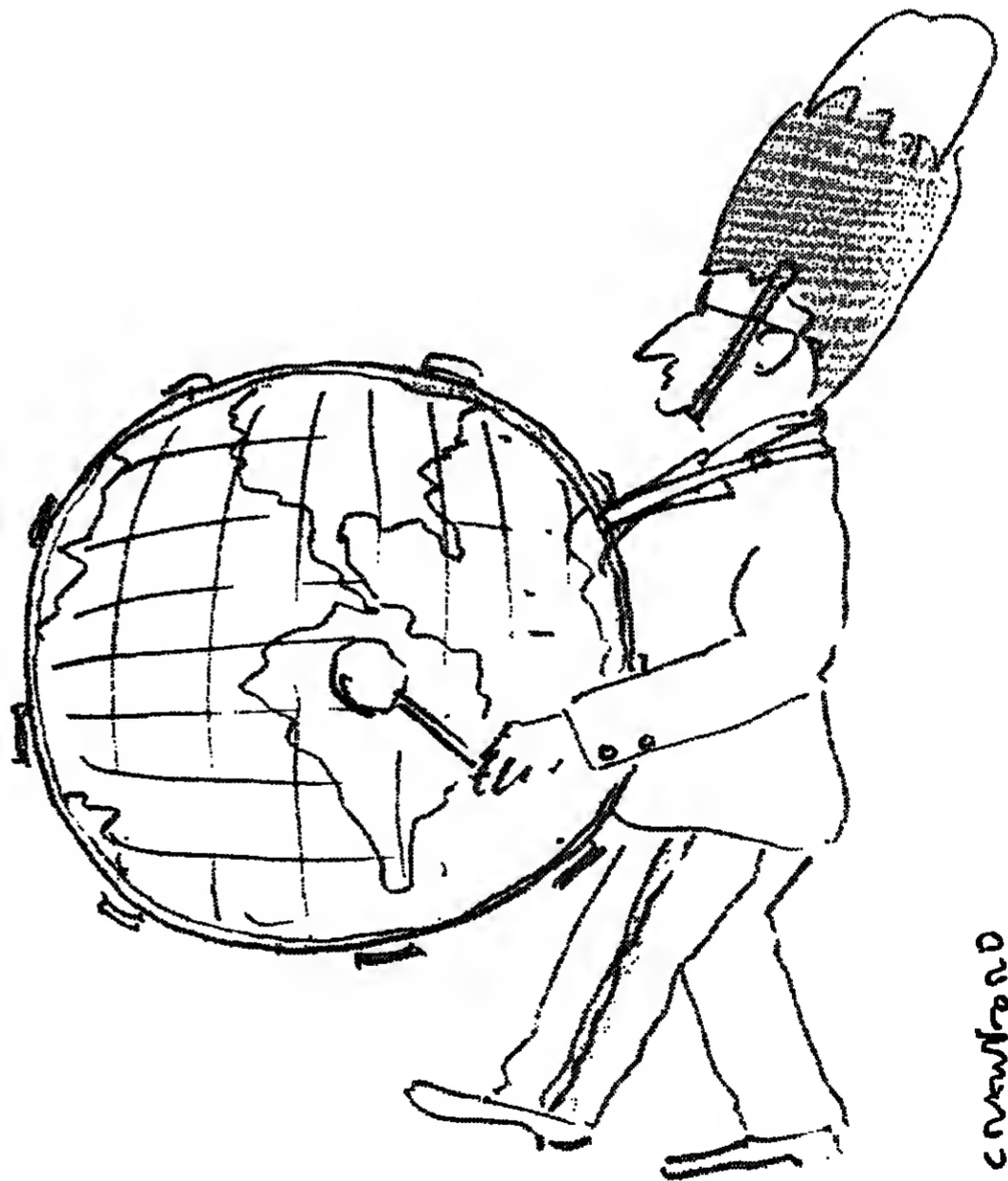
Ten years ago when *WorldPaper* was founded in Boston, there were no live TV "space bridges" between countries, no direct dialing for instant and automatic telephone links internationally, no space shuttles and no electronic 24-hour trading of global securities. Today there is.

INTERNATIONALISM and global thinking are the *leit motifs* of the day.

The International Herald Tribune is an important part of this, providing primarily Western news and views of important world affairs with widespread international distribution daily to an English-speaking audience.

WorldPaper is a part of the same scene, publishing a single monthly edition in different countries (24) and different languages (English, Spanish, Chinese). Each issue focuses on a central global topic, and features reports of distinguished journalists around the world who are native to the regions from which they write.

With this pluralistic editorial view, we march to a somewhat different drummer than does the IHT. But we are pleased to march in the same international parade. If you would like to try our pace, please use the coupon.



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'Faxing' to Printers Around the World

By Amiel Kornel

AROUND 10:30 most evenings, Alfred Trouin rushes off from IHT headquarters in Neuilly in a race against the clock.

Braving the treacherous Paris traffic on his aging blue motor scooter, the paper's senior courier speeds negatives of the next day's first edition to printers across town, their presses ready to roll.

Although the seasoned messenger wastes no time in skimming through the narrow streets of Paris, he has little chance of beating the global telecommunications network that electronically transmits, page by page, copies of the IHT to its more distant print sites.

In fact, before he completes his 20-or-so-minute motorized sprint, copies of the paper are ready to fly from presses in Singapore, Hong Kong and Miami, as well as any other European cities.

Rotating at 3,600 revolutions per minute, facsimile machines use lasers and microprocessors to transform each page into a stream of digital bits of data. That encoded series of black and white dots is then transmitted in roughly four minutes to identically spinning machines mounted with negatives at the distant printing plants.

On its way to the printers, the

information headed for Rome, Miami, Hong Kong and Singapore will pass through transponders on one of three satellites stationed in geostationary orbit about 36,000 kilometers above Africa, the Atlantic and the Indian oceans.

In addition to helping deliver the paper around the world, advanced communications assure that its editors are at no loss for news.

The Trib has only a small reporting staff, so it relies more than most newspapers on wire services and other outside sources of editorial copy. The Associated Press, Reuters, Agence France Presse and United Press International glut the paper's computers — and editors — with millions of words and financial figures daily. And stories filed by correspondents from The Washington Post, The New York Times, and the Los Angeles Times pour in over the high-speed telecommunications lines as well.

Because of its unique status as a global newspaper, the IHT has frequently been the first to put an emerging technology to practical use. In April 1974, for example, the IHT became the first newspaper to use electronic facsimile transmission across national boundaries.

Undersea cables began carrying signals across the English Channel encoded with images of each page to printers near London.

When the IHT began printing in Hong Kong in September 1980, it scored another first, becoming the first English-language newspaper to print entire issues via satellite.

The IHT has continued adding new print locations at a quickening pace. And more are to come, executives promise. Once a go-ahead has been received, it takes technicians only three to six months to bring a new print site on line.

The economic gains are considerable. "Telecommunications costs don't increase as do other distribution costs," René Bondy, deputy publisher, said recently. He added that a potential press run of 10,000 to 15,000 copies, some of which may be rerouted from existing printers, is enough to justify opening a new print site.

Today's high-tech distribution network has quickly outmoded that of the relatively recent, pre-oil-crisis past, when the IHT relied on airplanes, trucks and cars to speed the daily edition from Paris to distribution points around Europe.

The system worked more or less well. Readers in major European cities usually received their copies of the paper on the publication date, though often late in the afternoon. Today, most readers from Asia to South America can count on reading the Trib each morning.

And once the benefits of earlier delivery become apparent to local readers, circulation climbs. Asian sales, amounting to only 2,000 copies per day in 1979, have risen to about 32,000 since the IHT began printing in Hong Kong in 1980, then Singapore two years later. And, one week after the Rome print site launch, IHT circulation in Italy had climbed by 30 percent.

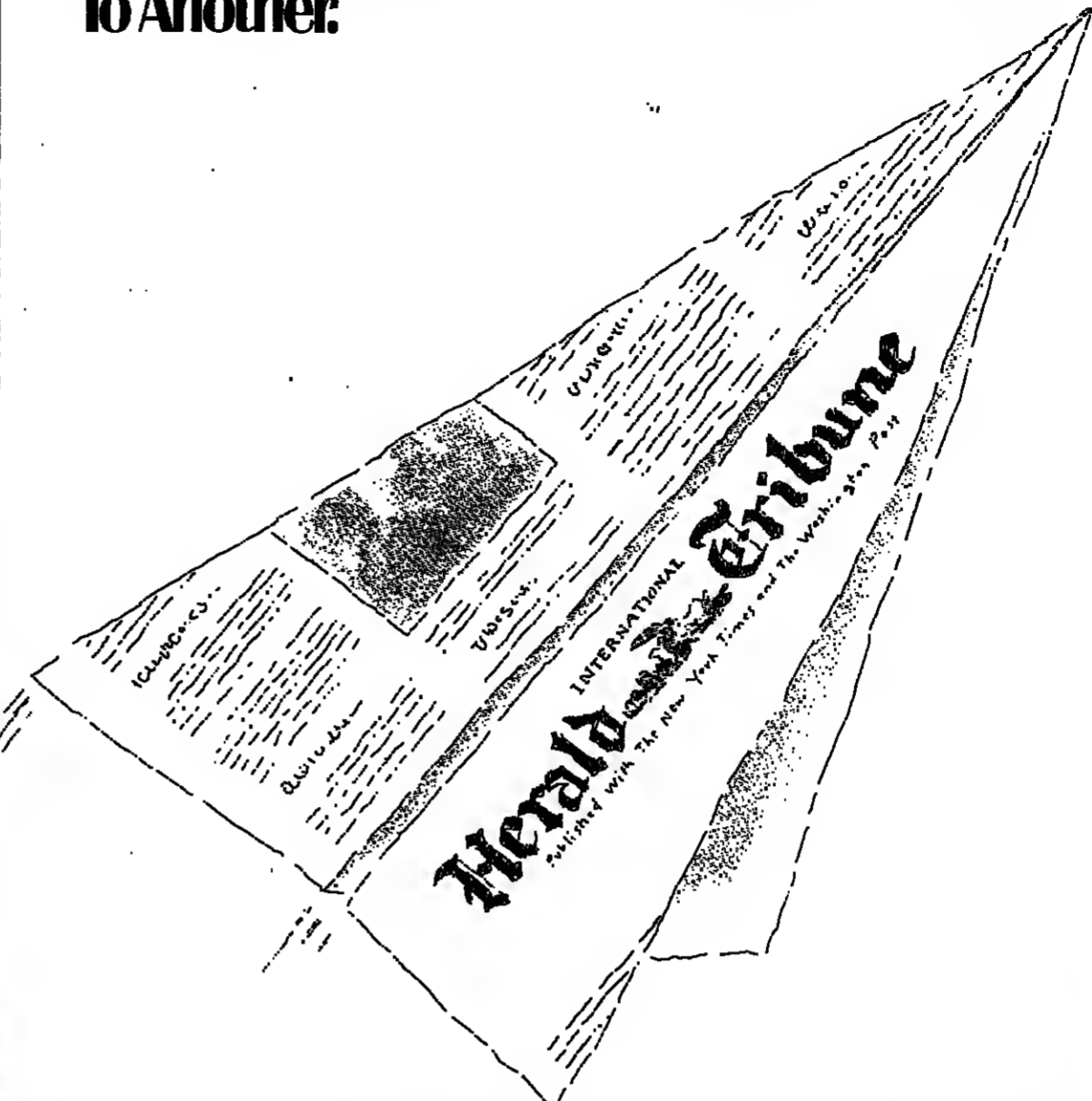
Others have followed the Trib's technological lead. Today, the Financial Times, the Wall Street Journal and USA Today, among English-language papers, use facsimile technology to assure quick delivery to international readers.

This technology, in fact, has become ubiquitous. Papers around the world have begun to transmit pages to remote printing sites within their own countries, according to IFRA, the Darmstadt, West Germany international research institute for newspaper technology.

In fact, ideological opposites though they may be, Pravda in the Soviet Union and the Wall Street Journal in the United States have combined in at least one common cause — they were among the first to apply facsimile technology on a national basis.

Amiel Kornel is European editor for IDC Communications Inc. of Framingham, Mass.

Happy Birthday From One World Traveller To Another.

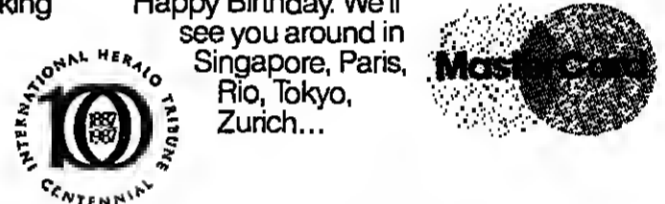


What do you give a hundred year old on its birthday? When the hundred year old is The International Herald Tribune, you give it well deserved accolades.

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So from one world traveller to another... Happy Birthday. We'll see you around in Singapore, Paris, Rio, Tokyo, Zurich...



One of a series of messages from leading companies of the world appearing during the IHT's centenary year

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The Electronic Newsboys: See Them Run

By Virginia Vittoz

READERS usually pick up the International Herald Tribune without much thought about how it got there. But the story of how more than 170,000 copies reach purchasers in 164 countries each day is a tale full of oddities and ingenuities — and even a bit of danger.

It has been that way since the earliest days, when founder James Gordon Bennett Jr. became the first publisher in Europe to use the horseless carriage to speed papers to readers. Perhaps the most spectacular of these vehicles was the racy, red 30-hp Mercedes which starred on the Trouville run. It thundered away from the printing plant on the Rue du Louvre at 3:45 each morning and reached Trouville, 130 miles away, by 6:30 — good time indeed for those days.

Direct successors to these early vehicles were the Citroën station wagons that carried the paper over much of Europe, a system that

started as World War II ended and continues even today.

In 1928, the paper became the first in Europe to use airplanes for delivery, as the air-freight biplanes of Air Union began scheduled flights between Le Bourget and London's Croydon airport.

Forty years later, the Trib experimented for three years with its own charter planes, brightly painted in yellow and black, the IHT colors. But the expense was enormous, particularly after the oil crisis began to bite.

The IHT's first experiment in remote-site facsimile printing bridged the Paris-London gap in 1974. Circulation in the United Kingdom soon doubled, and the paper went on to establish seven additional printing sites. Each is the hub of its own intricate and often-shifting delivery network — an unparalleled distribution system built and directed by circulation director François Desmaisons and

associate publisher Alain Lecour and their staff.

Some 57 different airlines are used in the global distribution process, as well as a vast array of cars, trucks, trains and postal services. Often, one car will relay copies to several others as the routes fan out throughout the night. Subscribers' copies are often mailed from the nearest printing site, but are privately hand-delivered in an increasing number of cities.

Once the newspaper enters the national or local distribution system, independent importers, wholesalers and retailers take over, but IHT personnel stay close by.

Sometimes they encounter unusual problems. Not long ago, for example, a number of London subscribers complained about missing copies. After initial checks proved fruitless, an IHT executive decided to look into the problem personally. In the best private-eye tradition, he narrowed the list of suspects, then followed a new driver one night as he signed in, picked up papers, loaded them into a car, and drove into town.

Suddenly the suspect stopped his car as it crossed a small bridge. He emerged, heaved his cargo into the water below, and headed for home.

IHT inspectors also ensure that hotels, conferences and exhibitions are supplied early in the day. They supervise the sale of some 45,000 copies each day to many of the world's airlines.

associate publisher Alain Lecour and their staff.

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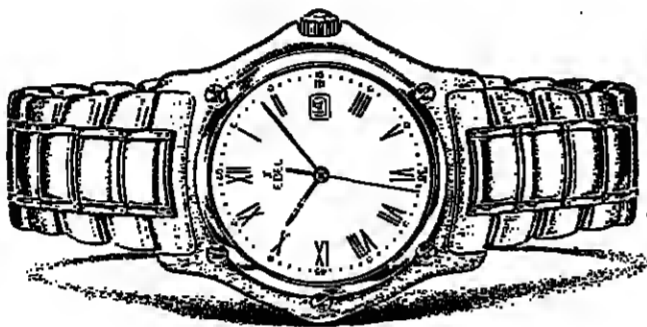
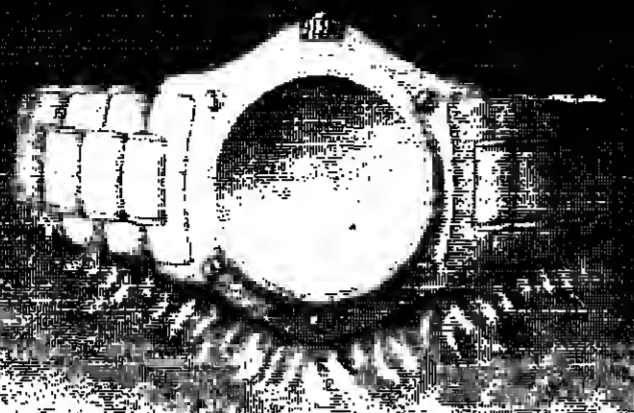
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Publishing a Paper For a Global Village

By Lee W. Huebner
International Herald Tribune

FROM its first issue, the Paris Herald represented a startling change in the world of newspapers.

There were those, of course, who expected very little from James Gordon Bennett Jr.'s bright new inspiration. Bennett himself was loath to predict too much for it. But both in harnessing new technology (in this case the transatlantic cable) and in identifying a new audience (the mobile, multinational European elite) Bennett virtually invented the concept of international publishing. And in ways he may never have imagined, that idea would transform the cozy world into which he had been born.

The newspaper's growth, from that day to this, has been fuelled by a constant readiness to change with changing times. This adaptability is our legacy, and we see it still as our role. We best honor our past by seizing the future. And in a time of astonishing technological progress, we see our future as one of continuing change.

There was a day, as late as the 1960s, when ours was primarily a newspaper for Americans, traveling or resident in Western Europe. But today, most of our readers are not Americans and virtually all of them are citizens of the world.

The IHT's present constituency is a newly emerging community composed of people in all parts of the world whose lives stretch across national boundaries, who share an international point of view. It is a community whose members speak the same language — in two senses of that term. First, they usually speak and read English, and, second, they think about the world in very similar ways.

They may live on opposite sides of the planet but they often have more in common with one another than with their own geographic neighbors back home.

And one of the things they have increasingly in common is this newspaper, which now can be read the same morning on every continent.

Two significant technological revolutions have spurred our efforts to serve as a true community newspaper for this emerging global community.

The first is the power wrought by computers on the way we gather and process news. We can now collect more information from more

places in less time than ever before — and get it into print faster and at lower cost.

The second revolution affects the way we distribute news, using advanced telecommunications to link our Paris newsroom with printing sites across the world to print simultaneous facsimile editions.

These techniques, of course, are not unique to the IHT. And falling costs are accelerating their spread. As late as 1980, for example, we needed to sell about 25,000 copies a day to justify setting up a new print site. Today that number is down to about 10,000 copies.

And if it is now economical for us to print in eight or nine countries, there is no reason why it will not make sense soon to print in 18 or 19 countries, or even, someday, in 80 or 90 sites around the world.

As it has become easier in recent years to reach an international audience, international media have proliferated, multiplying manyfold those who compete for the time and money of international readers and advertisers.

But expanding even faster is the marketplace for international information. The IHT's advertising and circulation have grown more rapidly in recent years than ever before, despite the emergence of new international publications. The rising tide has lifted all boats.

But what will this global information explosion actually mean for those who receive the information? After all, more information is not necessarily a good thing, in and of itself. It can mean greater understanding, to be sure, but it can also serve to overwhelm and overload readers, producing more misunderstanding, more noise and more confusion.

It is not enough simply to make quantitative leaps in sharing information. We know we must also improve the quality of the information we share. I will mention here just three dimensions of this challenge, what I would call the problems of condensation, dramatization and specialization.

For our editors, the challenge of responsibly selecting and compressing information is a daily preoccupation. Every 24 hours, they must evaluate some three million words which flow into our Paris computers, and choose just one percent of them for publication.

What readers seek most in a



"EIFFEL IS BUILDING HIS TERRIBLE TOWER; THAT AWFUL MAN BENNETT IS STARTING THIS PAPER; EVENTUALLY THEY'LL PROBABLY HAVE SOME FUNNY AMERICAN COLUMNIST — NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME"

good newspaper, we believe, is trustworthy, expert judgment as to how the bewildering array of information produced around the world each day should be selected and displayed in one manageable, efficient, compact package.

Good editors must help their readers save time — it is one of their central functions.

A second challenge involves the inevitable need for dramatization — finding ways to hold readers' attention amid the clutter and babble. In such an environment, there is a powerful temptation to seize not on what is essential or representative but instead on what is captivating — the overly simple, the abnormal or sensational. At the very time when we most need the media to help us understand a world we can no longer master through our direct experience, the picture they give us is too often a distorted one.

What contemporary journalism needs perhaps above all else are more reporters who can write, both

accurately and compellingly, about the day by day complexities of our time.

Finally, there is the challenge of specialization, which threatens to lure us into ever smaller, more fragmented corners of the information world. As the specialists learn — and talk — more and more about less and less, we also will need more gifted generalists (and stronger general interest media) to help us understand one another across our special disciplines and to help us relate our particular expertise to the service of the larger whole.

Condensing accurately, dramatizing responsibly, translating the insights of specialists into the language of laymen — these are, among the challenges of the new information age — intensified constantly by the force of new technology. They define a central part of this newspaper's agenda as it enters its second century.

Lee W. Huebner became publisher of the International Herald Tribune in 1979.



For forty years
we have remained
a southern German newspaper...
and have become
an international one.

Süddeutsche Zeitung

How Francelia Butler Lost Her Job in the '30s, Sailed to Paris and Found Happiness

By Francelia Butler

FIFTY years ago, when I wrote occasional drama criticism for the Paris Herald, I was (like others in its small staff) a refugee from tough times elsewhere.

I had been fired from my job at the Raleigh Hotel in Washington, D.C. for my role in helping to hold an Oberlin alumni dinner there. Oberlin College was among the first colleges to admit black students on an equal basis with whites, and there were black students among the alumni at the dinner. In those days, blacks were not permitted to sit down in any public building in Washington except the Quaker Church. I had helped stage the dinner; as a result I was black-listed by local hotels.

So I sailed away on an American freighter, the S.S. Capulin of the Orpale Lines, bound for Hamburg with a load of pig iron. I paid \$65. My train ticket, fourth-class from Hamburg to Paris, cost \$5. The train was full of German soldiers who could not believe that an American would be traveling so cheaply. They demanded to see my passport.

After they saw it, they began to shout "Roosevelt!", accompanying each shout with a thumbs-down sign. I had no idea how emotional they were about Hitler until I returned the shout with "Hitler!" and put my thumbs down. From then on, the trip to Cologne, near the border, was very unpleasant.

Though I was not attacked, I was poked in the ribs regularly and I had to stand up all night. For food, I had a five-pound block of dates passed from the hold and given me by the freighter's crew as a farewell gift. The soldiers threw the dates out of the car. At Cologne, they kicked my footlocker off the train platform; the trunk splintered and my clothes were strewn over the ground. I stood there weeping, with a splitting headache.

Witnessing my plight, a kind German cabdriver picked up my possessions and roped my broken footlocker together. There would be two hours waiting time for the train to Paris, he said. When he asked me if I would like to take a rifle, I opened my purse to show that I had no money. He beckoned me to get in anyway and took me along the Woodrow Wilsonstrasse to his home, where his wife gave me food and a sack of cookies that she had just baked. Then he took me back to the train while I chewed on the hard peppermint cookies, shaped like golf balls and frosted white with brown chocolate dots.

The train arrived in Paris late at night. A cabdriver took me to a pension of his choice on the Left Bank. I had no money by then, but I exchanged a coin collection, which one of the sailors had given me. For a fourth-floor attic room with breakfast in the morning and beans and salad at night for a month.

Often I would miss supper, because I would walk into central Paris looking for work. But by the end of the month, I still had no job, and I was forced to leave the pension. The soles were worn off my shoes, my sweater had holes at the elbows, and I had only a summer coat. A snapshot taken then shows me looking like a skeleton. I dragged my footlocker to the British-American YWCA, then at 24 Rue d'Anjou, and asked for a room and meals.

In my desperation, I lied. I said I had a job at the Paris Herald but that it did not begin for two weeks. Could I be trusted until then?

I was told I could share a room with another girl and have breakfast for a time by the director, May James. She was an Englishwoman almost six feet tall, usually dressed in black taffeta. She had even features, bright blue eyes and white hair parted in the middle and drawn back into a coil. And she had strong chauvinistic prejudices: For similar accommodations, she charged the English 85 francs a week, the French 95, the Americans 100 and the Irish 130.

Behind her desk at the entrance to the YWCA, she had a picture of Neville Chamberlain, wreathed in faded pink crepe paper roses. Whenever Chamberlain spoke on the radio, she stopped the elevator so that no sound would interfere with the broadcast. Those of us who were willing to listen were invited into the parlor, where we sat next spread with marmite, a beef-like meat, and drank hot tea.

When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visited Paris, Mrs. James was invited to curtsy to the queen at a garden party at the British Embassy. After the event, I remember her standing all flushed in the doorway of the YWCA, describing her experience to us. She had changed from her usual costume of black taffeta to a pastel Liberty print.

Soon after I arrived at the YWCA, I developed pneumonia. Penicillin didn't yet exist, so Mrs. James regularly brought me trays of custard and tea—gallons of the linden tea, or tilleul, then considered effective against pneumonia. After she finished serving me, she washed the dishes in the bidet.

When I was on my feet again, I passed a kiosk and noted that Bradish Johnson, drama critic of the Herald, had been killed recently while fighting in the ranks of the Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War.

Immediately, I knew what to do. I had in my possession a clipping of a drama review, with my initials signed to it, from the Washington

Evening Star. It was the only review I had written, done one night for a boyfriend there who had had too much to drink.

At the Herald, I told managing editor Eric Hawkins that I was an assistant drama critic of the Star, traveling in France, and wondered if he could use any help. He told me that by coincidence they had just lost their drama critic.

Hawkins immediately arranged for me to have a theater pass and gave me a choice of payment: 250 francs a week for one or two stories and a byline, or 500 francs a week and no byline. Naturally, I chose the latter.

The first time I brought in copy on a film I had seen, I had no idea where to leave it, so I took it over and gave it to the man at the center of the copy desk. He read it over rapidly while I waited.

"Girl," he said, "you can't fool me. You have never done a real drama review in your life. But," he added, as he glanced at the bare sole of the shoe on my crossed leg, "it looks as if you need work. Now I go to supper every night at the Alsace on the Champs Elysees at six, before I go on duty here. Bring your copy in there and I'll edit it. Watch what I do to it, and maybe you'll learn. This will just be between us, all right?"

I had no choice but to agree. Whenever I came in with copy, Jerome Butler would invite me to sit down. "You can have the meat and potatoes, but no dessert," he'd say gruffly. "I can't afford it." (Later, he told me he knew I was starving.)

Jerome then had an apartment on the Rue de Navarin, in Montmartre, which he shared with Jim Lardner, son of well-known writer Ring Lardner. The apartment was that of Bob Stern, a Herald reporter who had returned to the States, and was furnished by his soon-to-be ex-wife, Lucienne Delforges, a concert pianist. The apartment had a classical piano in the music room. Jerome invited me over often to hear Jim play the piano.

Soon after that, Jim went to Spain to join the Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, and was killed. Jerome sent what belongings he had in the apartment back to his mother.

American travelers seemed to assume that Herald staffers were anxious to see people from the States, but this was far from the truth. The telephone operator had standing orders to tell callers that whichever reporter they wanted to see had just left for Lagos and was not expected back for some time.

My benefactor, in fact, had a few old girlfriends who came over and were given this message. I knew that Jerome liked me because at the Alsace one night a Frenchman said something to me which Jerome considered vulgar. Outside the restaurant he knocked the man down and a policeman ran over. Jerome explained that the man was *mal élevé* (badly reared). The gendarme shrugged and went back to directing traffic.

Early in 1939, Jerome asked me to marry him. He was shy and his voice shook when he asked me. I jumped at the chance. He was handsome, decent, and he had a good salary for that time, for he was one of the few staffers who had been sent over from the parent paper in New York (in 1937) rather than picking up the job in Paris. This meant that he was paid a New York-level salary.

After his proposal, we stopped at a jewelry store on the Faubourg St. Honoré where I chose a ring of platinum set with sapphires. His hand shaking, Jerome printed out what he wanted inscribed on the ring: "And thou beside me, singing in the wilderness," from the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Jerome printed the inscription so rapidly that he ran the "i" and the "t" together, so that the inscription read, "And thou beside me singing in the wuderness"—which is just where I ought to be singing, for I have a dreadful voice.

No one could get married quickly in Paris in those days. It was necessary to hire a lawyer to get all the documents (birth, police, military records) translated from English to French and stamped at the proper ministry. Then banners had to be posted. The whole process took three months.

Finally, all was set. We went to the private chapel attached to the prefecture. Friends from the Herald were there, as well as Mrs. James, who brought me a handkerchief as a wedding gift. (She had tatted the border herself.) A robed official entered, who intoned a long speech with something in it about having children for the good of the state.

My matron of honor didn't understand French very well. When the official asked the prospective bride to come forward, she jumped up and ran to the front of the room to join my husband-to-be.

Jerome, who spoke good French, turned around and looked at me. I gestured to go on with it. We had been warned that if anything went wrong, we would have to do it all over again, and I wasn't about to wait another three months. Jerome shrugged his shoulders and the ceremony continued as the audience uttered. He finally kissed the lady and put the ring on her finger.

But I considered the ceremony only a formality. The legal part of it was intact. As I reflected on it later, I thought it was interesting to view as an outside spectator an event of enormous importance in my life.

We moved into an apartment in a beautiful old building on a corner in the Rue des Mathurins, behind

the Opéra and facing the park, the Expiatoire, where the executed Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were first buried. (The remains later were transferred to St. Denis.)

Often, I would go up to the Herald at night to wait for Jerome to get off work. To nap while waiting, I would stretch out on four chairs in the little waiting room adjoining the wireless room on the second floor, facing the large city room. The accommodations were not very comfortable, and often I would lie awake and listen to the conversation of the wireless operator, who sold dogs to pad out his income.

He was a red-faced fellow who looked like John Bull. I would hear things like this: "I'm sorry to hear that, Madame. And fight on your best rug? Have you put down training papers?" Or: "I am truly sorry to hear that. It is bad when they insist on sitting on the registers, because I can understand how the hot air carries the smell all over the room. . . . No, I'm afraid that sale was final. . . . I'm sorry you feel that way about it. Good day!" I don't recall ever hearing anything but complaints.

Our best friend at the Herald was Robert Sage, who was severely crippled. Often Jerome and I would wheel him to Doucet's restaurant, then on the Boulevard des Italiens, for a meal. He had engaged a housekeeper, Emilienne, who was devoted to him and whom he eventually married. Sage was brilliant, a friend of James Joyce, and an editor of a magazine called *transition*, which had published part of Joyce's epic "Finnegans Wake."

And besides working on the news desk of the Herald, he also wrote articles on food and drink for *Esquire*.



Jerome and Francelia Butler, on their wedding day in Paris. At right: the Herald's report of the event—July 5, 1939.

trunks, but there were none left. Meanwhile, at the president's mansion, trucks were being hastily loaded with official papers for transportation to Vichy.

It was later than we had thought. We tied some of our belongings in blankets and started down the street toward the railway station. Taxis were not available—they

at the Cap d'Antibes? The German trucks will be coming up the street before long. You can have it." We tied the boxes of china in a blanket, and I gave the shopkeeper a carton of cigarettes in payment.

At the station, my pregnant condition helped us win seats on the overcrowded train. We put the china in with us. The rest of our luggage was in the cars behind. The back end of the train, where our clothes and papers were loaded, never reached Bordeaux, but the china, up front with us, was intact. I still have it today.

At Bordeaux, we were offered a taxi ride south in the harbor of St. Jean de Luz. There, we boarded the liner Washington, which had been sent over to rescue Americans. On the voyage home, our liner was stopped by a German submarine somewhere between Lisbon and Galway. The ship had apparently been mistaken for a British ship. We all had to get into lifeboats, but were permitted to proceed when the American flag was run up as an emergency measure and spotlights were turned on it, for the U.S. was not yet in the War.

In the New York harbor, in view of the Statue of Liberty, we were greeted by cheering crowds.

Shortly after our return, the New York papers reported that May James, director of the British-American YWCA in Paris, had been arrested by the Germans on charges of sending shortwave messages connected with the evacuation of British troops on the continent. The radio was under her desk in the front lobby of the YWCA. She had been sentenced to death.

A few years ago, Richard Rotter, a scholar in comparative literature

at the University of Connecticut, tried in Paris to discover what had become of Mrs. James. Among other people, he contacted the Comtesse de Viel-Castel, who had been on the board of the YWCA when May James was director. Dr. Rotter persuaded the countess to write about May James. Part of the contents of this letter, dated Jan. 16, 1984, read as follows:

"This lady [May James] was taken by the Germans in the year 1942 to the terrible camp of Auschwitz and was held there until the Liberation, when she returned to England. She was much loved by the staff and the girls."

"Her crime was she had tried to hide British soldiers and did so. While in the camp, her health deteriorated and she became nearly blind."

I still cherish the handkerchief May James gave me at my wedding. In England I have tried to track her down, but so far I have had no success.

As for the Herald, I could never bear to go back to Paris. My memories were too poignant. In 1949, when Jerome died of cancer caused by the effects of World War I mustard gas, his former coworker Eric Sevard, by then at CBS, was a pallbearer at the funeral at Arlington National Cemetery.

Now, 50 years have passed, and the centennial year of the paper has arrived. I think it is time for me to return.

Francelia Butler contributed to the Paris Herald in the 1930s before marrying Herald newsroom staffer Jerome Butler. Mr. Butler died in 1949; Francelia Butler now teaches English at the University of Connecticut, at Storrs.

had been requisitioned. Along the Boulevard Malesherbes, the proprietor of a fancy china shop, Au Vase Etrusque, called out to us: "Want the replacements for the Duchesse of Windsor's china at her Château

German army. I was expecting a baby, but the hospitals were full of wounded soldiers. We decided to leave Paris immediately.

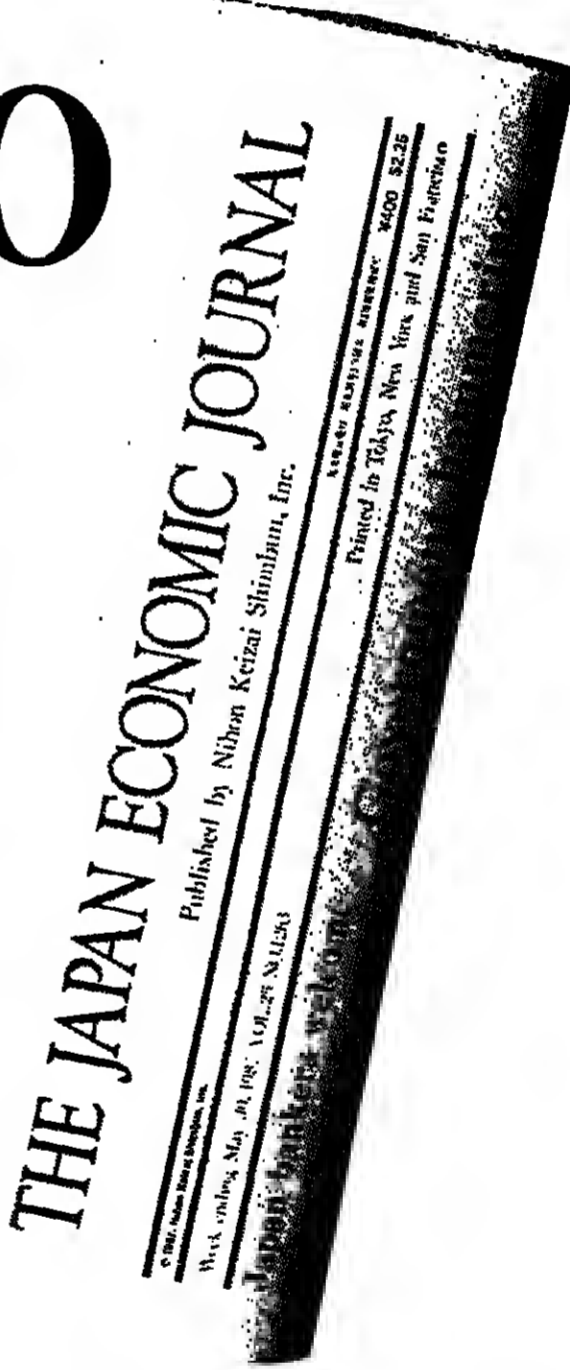
Jerome asked me to go to the Left Bank and try to buy a few

Wedding
Butler-McWilliams

The marriage took place in Paris yesterday at the home of the Rt. Rev. McWilliams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. McWilliams, of St. Louis, Mo. to Mr. Jerome Butler, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Butler, of Bellefonte, Pa. Mr. Taylor Gannett, vice-consul at the American Embassy, and Mrs. John H. Gannett, whose husband is also on the American Embassy staff, were witnesses. The bride wore a light blue suit, with brown hat and accessories as the civil ceremony changing to a blue and white dress and large light-colored hat for the wedding breakfast which followed, given by Mr. Gannett at his home in the Avenue Montaigne.

The reception also celebrated the birthday of Mr. Gannett as well as that of Mrs. McWilliams. The former American Embassy in on the staff of the American Embassy in the via departement of the New York Herald Tribune in Paris. The guests included: Mr. Edwin Hill, Secretary at the Embassy, and Mrs. Hill; Vice-Consul David Smythe, Miss Kathleen Evans, Miss James, Professor and Mrs. Bondanoff, and other members of the American Embassy and the New York Herald Tribune staffs.

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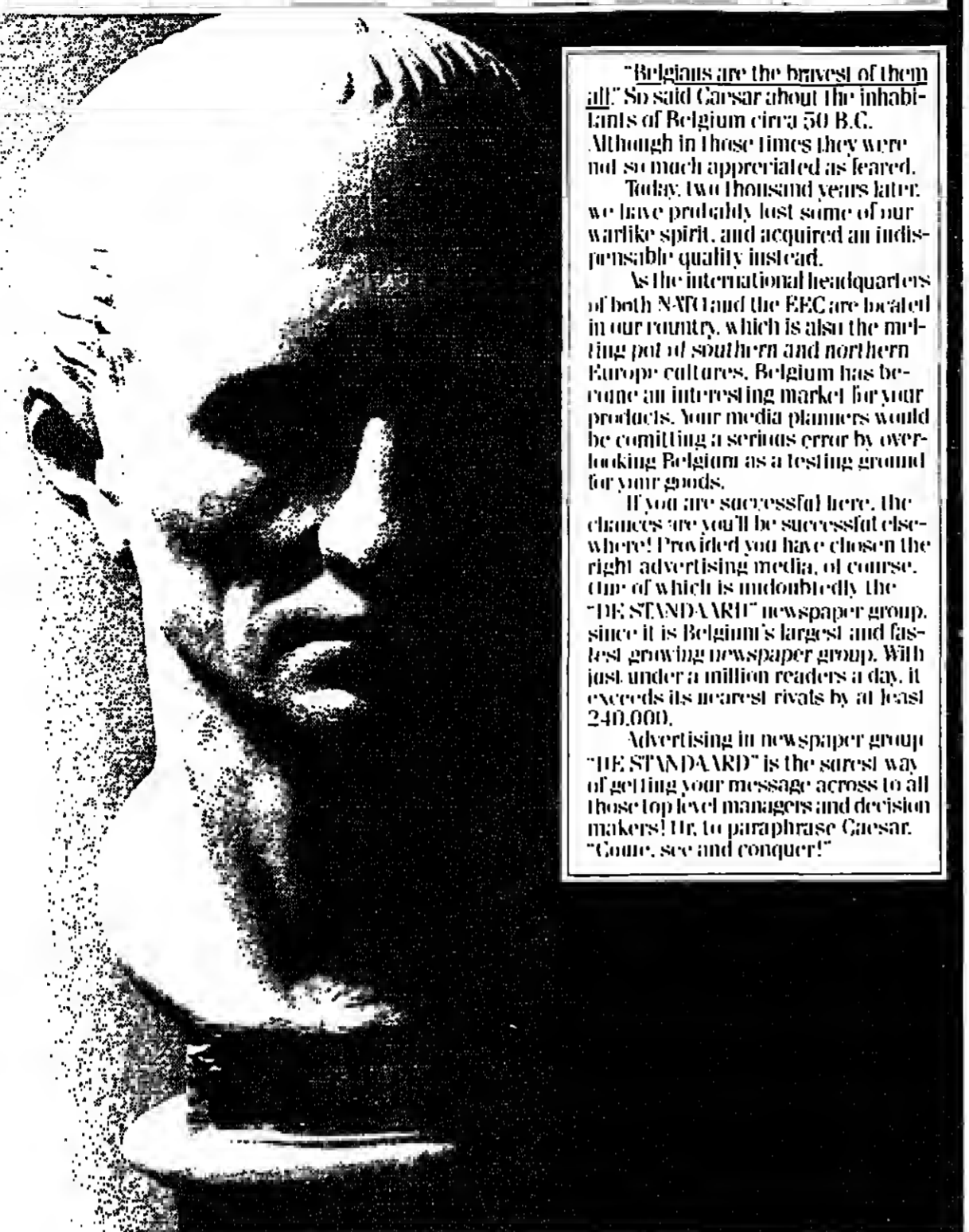
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As the international headquarters of both NATO and the EEC are located in our country, which is also the melting pot of southern and northern European cultures, Belgium has become an interesting market for your products. Your media planners would be committing a serious error by overlooking Belgium as a testing ground for your goods.

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For Trib Buffs: Books, Columns and a Magazine

HERE'S more information available about the International Herald Tribune and its history in other Centennial productions.

These include books, special columns, a video cassette narrated by Walter Cronkite, and a Centennial magazine. The latter, called Our Century/Our World, published last month, was distributed with the Trib on publication day. Additional copies are available at \$10 to cover postage and handling.

Just out is "The International Herald Tribune: The First Hundred Years," by Charles Robertson, published by Columbia University Press, New York, the first full history of this newspaper.

"A Century of News," edited by

Bruce Singer and with an introduction by Art Buchwald, also is now available. A large-format book, it includes pages from 10 decades of this paper's reporting. Published earlier was "The Belle Epoque" by Hebe Dorsey, an illustrated history of Herald coverage of fashions and follies at the turn of the century. Both are published by Thames and Hudson Ltd. in London and Harry N. Abrams Inc. in New York.

"The Global Newspaper," a 28-minute film history of the IHT, was also made this year, narrated by Walter Cronkite and directed by Douglas Manning.

All three books and a video-cassette of the film are available from the IHT Book Division, as is a fourth recently published book, "Asia: Guide to Business Travel,"

written and edited by staffer Robert K. McCabe. Over the past year, the IHT has printed a series of Centennial columns including reminiscences by former staffers, aspects of today's IHT, and general Tribiana.

These columns, which supplement this report, began on Oct. 2, 1986, with a report on plans for the Centennial year. Later columns covered the Flame of Liberty campaign (Nov. 15), the Paris economics conference (May 21 and June 21), the antique auto rally in Germany (June 26), the launch of the Rome edition (July 2), the polo day in England (July 29), and the IHT distribution network (Aug. 5).

Among journalistic reminiscences were columns by the late Waverley Root on the 1920s (April

16, 21 and 23), and the 1930s, recounted by Jack Lams (Jan. 14, 16 and Aug. 14) and R.P. Harris (April 6, 7, and Aug. 26). Writing on the 1940s were Hal Everts (June 12 and Sept. 4), Kenneth Koye (June 19), Paul Evan Ross (July 11 and 23), and the late Harry Bach (Aug. 19), and Robert K. McCabe (Nov. 20) wrote on the 1950s.

Other topics include the story of the front page Dingbat (April 3), Bennett's refusal to leave Paris in 1914 (May 7), both by Virginia Vittoz, and the history of the merger that produced the present-day paper (July 9).

Readers interested in obtaining reprints of columns may write the Promotion Department, IHT, 181 Avenue Charles de Gaulle, 92200 Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

The other person's point of view.

A British point of view may coincide with the American view, but then it may not. A French view might differ from both.

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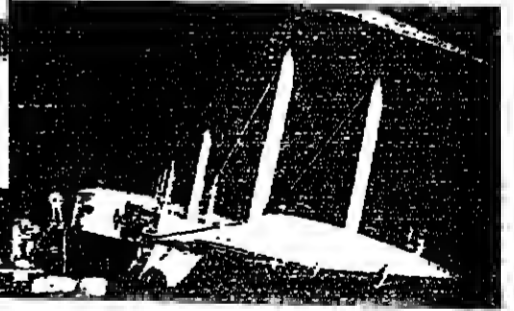
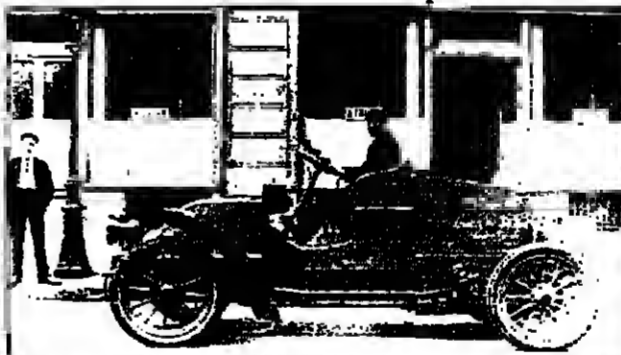
The Washington Post WEEKLY Le Monde

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE SALUTES 100 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE

During its 100-year history, the International Herald Tribune has proven that building on a tradition of excellence naturally leads to greater achievements.

The newspaper that was the first in Europe to introduce linotype and use process engraving for half-tone illustrations was the same newspaper that in 1978 installed a highly advanced and wholly computerized editing and typesetting system.

The newspaper that was the first in the world to use the automobile and the airplane to transport newspapers was also, in 1980, the first newspaper to be sent electronically from one continent to another.



To the International Herald Tribune—a newspaper that serves readers all over the globe—congratulations on completing 100 years of excellence! The Chicago Tribune's past affiliation with your newspaper* makes us feel especially proud to recognize this historic milestone!

Chicago Tribune

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*On Friday, November 30, 1984, the Chicago Tribune returned to its original name, The Chicago Tribune. The following day, The New York Herald, now the International Herald Tribune, absorbed the Paris Tribune.

Fin-de-Siècle France: Crisis and Color

By Steven Englund
 No city could have provided more rewarding terrain on which to launch a newspaper than did the Paris of the late 19th century. Readers abounded; so did news. Literally within days of the first appearance of James Gordon Bennett's Herald, on Oct. 4, 1837, the French Third Republic offered the new daily the best gift a government can make—a newspaper. It underwent a crisis that resulted, within a month, in the resignation of President Jules Grevy.

But it wasn't only in politics that France provided good copy. Hardly a sector of human life stayed untouched by dramatic change in the quarter-century that stretched between 1837 and World War I. From sports to strikes to spectator sports, in post-impressionist painting, fashions, cars, or in stonut music, the Herald's writers scarcely had to leave Paris to get the news.

Despite all the changes and improvements, there was an underlying malaise.

Then, as now, the simple, immovable obstacle to harmonious public life was the existence of profound, uncompromising ideological division. One large, if striking, minority of the electorate (the royalists, along with most practicing

Roman Catholics) did not recognize the legitimacy of the regime. At the other end of the spectrum, a smaller but steadily growing proletariat was cottoning to collectivist theories calling for class struggle and socialist revolution. Given the intolerable conditions of domestic and factory life for the lower classes it is not surprising that violence of word and deed proliferated. Indeed, the "Social Question," as it was called, dominated French public life even more than the anti-German *revanchisme* for which the era is better known today.

Both of the period's most famous affairs involved a complicated mix of both elements.

Within a year of the Herald's appearance, a charismatic general with a common name, Boulanger (Baker), plunged the republic into the first serious crisis of its young existence.

Tremendously popular thanks to his posture and patriotism, Boulanger assembled an extraordinary coalition of political forces, ranging from the far left to the royalist aristocracy. His aim: to overthrow what he saw as a flaccid parliamentary regime, paralyzed by parties and compromise, and set up in its place—what? Here was the rub.

To the lower classes, Boulanger promised a "social and democratic republic," yet, at the same time, he

was secretly accepting millions of francs from the royalists, making them vague promises about a restoration of the monarchy.

Boulanger's national campaign was far and away the grandest on record ("American style," as it was called) and it gulled many. Some later rued their credulity. One, for example, was Benet of the Herald, who quickly backed off after a government warning.

A decade later, another officer, this time a captain who happened to be a Jew, was the occasion of the republic's next great testing.

Found guilty, on the basis of fabricated evidence, of espionage for the Germans, Alfred Dreyfus was shipped to Devil's Island, but his ghost stayed behind to sunder Paris society and French politics. The Dreyfus Affair, which pitted Catholics and Royalists, as well as many conservative republicans, against the defenders of justice for the individual, saw the emergence of organized antisemitism as a force in French public life.

It was a "new" kind of antisemitism, created by the social question, and it drew most of its support and its "theory" from right-wingers seeking to attract lower-class and socialist voters by blaming Jews not merely for Dreyfus-type treason but for all ills of 19th-century capitalism and industrialism.

By 1906, vivid public protest led to the reinstatement of Dreyfus and the antisemitic party was dying. But the clash of right and left, Catholic and Republican, worker and owner, showed no signs of abating in France. On the contrary, it tore into every area of life.

French labor, now more unionized than ever before, agitated for social reforms, while its CGT leadership called frankly for revolution. The strikes of the post-1900 years, supported by a large and growing socialist party, sent waves of shock and anxiety through the middle and upper classes, and resulted in a few reforms being enacted.

Only the coming of war in 1914 tightened the fabric of national unity, and even then it barely held together through victory in 1918. For in truth, Bennett's era, in the words of a contemporary, "saw two Frances taking shape, two castes, two nations, almost two races, with different mores, ideas, principles and loyalties. If this goes on they will look upon one another with hostile eyes and will end up by groping for each other's throats."

The Herald: A Kiss on the Chic

By Wendy Mallinson
 The Paris Herald of the Belle Epoch—the "sacred paper in Europe," according to an 1890 editorial—devoted an extraordinary amount of attention to the world of fashion.

The Rue de la Paix, home of the era's great couturiers and milliners, was a regular beat for Herald writers. The "costume of the day" was a page-two feature for years. And, entirely in keeping with the frivolity of the times—and the *canon*—even the latest fashions for dogs were duly described. Exclaimed one 1907 article: "Little dogs are decidedly the latest craze, and for them are made all kinds of coats and collars and luxuries of all descriptions."

Herald founder James Gordon Bennett Jr. added to the already extensive coverage with frequent weekend fashion supplements that were notable both for their technology and their artistry. Handsomely printed in rotogravure, they featured four-color illustrations and, later, photos, by some of the finest artists of the day.

Catering as it did to the tastes and whims of the day's privileged few, Bennett's Herald faithfully covered their gatherings, parties and weddings—and always described how everybody was dressed.

Not at all unusual was this 1907 item: "Mrs. Astor's Annual Ball—Five Hundred Guests Present, the House of Her Son Also Being Utilized." Descriptions of the outfits of many of the 500 followed.

Parties aside, even the daily life of the fashionable Parisian woman consisted of a series of elaborately planned social activities. To be properly dressed for it all, four or five complete outfits per day were essential. In 1901, the Herald devoted a full page to the smart Parisian woman's typical day—a morning outing in the Bois de Boulogne, then lunch, fittings, social calls and afternoon tea, followed by dinner and an evening on the town. Not surprisingly, the article detailed the extensive wardrobe required for such a day.

"In the morning the traditional tailor-made costume is donned. As soon as a woman is dressed, off she sets in the fresh air."

"On the return home, a stylish dress is put on for lunch."

"For afternoon, black velvet dresses, ornamented with embroideries, are most worn."

"There is much dressing for evenings; society life is resuming its intensity. The materials used are of extreme richness."

The enormous amounts of money spent on these fashions resulted, inevitably enough, in a number of

lawsuits. They, too, were well-documented by the Herald.

The 1900 case of Marquise and the Furrier ("Had the Bolero a Collar?") was front-page news. The defendant, a furrier named Isidore Appel, was accused of substituting less-expensive furs for the ones on deposit with him. The Marquise de La Roche-Fontaine, one of the plaintiffs, amused the court with the vivacity of her charges, although her counsel repeatedly advised her to stop interrupting.

Also in 1900, Mme. Marie Govarts objected to a bill of 63,000 francs for three years' work. The Herald printed one month's detailed bill, which included charges for 11 dresses plus numerous accessories and "does not include making over corsages, mending skirts, etc. etc." The court awarded Mme. Govarts a 20 percent reduction.



ELEGANT DRESS FOR CASINO.

How to Obtain a Good Figure. How to Keep It.

The corset—"the soul of the toilette"—was the subject of much newspaper and just as much turn-of-the-century controversy.

Tight, rigid and extremely constricting, the corset squeezed a woman's figure into the S-shape that was the ideal of the day.

Sometimes it did more than that. "Tight-Lacing Kills" was the headline of a 1901 report on the sudden death of a Miss Christina Booker. A post-mortem inquiry showed that her corset, "laced to the breaking point," had caused a "compression of the internal organs," leading to what the coroner's jury described, in what must have been a medical first, as "cerebral apoplexy caused by tight-lacing."

The corset advertising wars were among the fiercest of the era. According to one Mme. Alibert, health was her top priority: Alibert corsets left "the stomach, the lungs and the heart perfectly free."

However, Mme. Guillot, "la reine du corset," was not to be outdone. According to numerous Herald advertisements over the years, her Rue de la Paix shop was "patronized by Parisian society

women and the most celebrated French artists," and her products, such as the *Mystère*, the *Graine Tritot* ("quite comfortable," said one ad), and the *Shadow*, were "unanimously recommended by all the leading medical authorities."

As early as 1899, American women were protesting that corsets were the main cause of fainting in public. Mme. Guillot's somewhat sinister claim that "All who wear these corsets appear extremely slender and become so in fact after a few months" did little to stem the rising public outcry. Still, protested the Herald in a 1906 article, "New Corset Wonders Are Taunts to Foes." "The modern corset is not the instrument of torture and deformity which some reformers would make us believe."

Newer models reflected this attitude. "Hygienic" corsets were de-

vised that left the front free from diaphragm to waistline (one such model was billed as "the dyspeptic's corset: the corset for gaseous stomachs").

Even Mme. Guillot, evidently more flexible than some of her products, was willing to lead. In 1906 she introduced her *Sheathy Corset Combination*, declaring that "Fashion and Athleticism have inspired this creation," and recommending that "for Athletic Games the Combination is worn next to the epidermis."

NEW CORSET PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY. "LE PETIT CALICE."



By Mme. GUILLOT, Creatress of the "Mystère."

The success of Mme. GUILLOT's invention every day in Paris, the profession and being created by her own hand and spirit.

As to the success of this new hat, a number to name the year, the success of this hat is the result of the success of the year.

PRICE £2 12s. 6d.

NO NEED OF ANY WOMAN BEING PLAIN

SHE CAN AT LEAST APPROXIMATE BEAUTY BY STUDYING HER OWN TYPE AND DRESSING ACCORDINGLY

Beauty was a subject of much ongoing attention during the Belle Epoch years. One source of public fascination—and some envy—was the irresistible *jeune femme fatale*. According to one article, "During the trial of a Polish countess accused of murder, the guard had to be changed every two hours, one look from the beauty was enough to make them see their beads."

Throughout the era, the Herald described a multitude of methods and products to create a similar—if not identical—effect. "No need of any woman being plain" proclaimed a 1901 headline. In somewhat the same vein, a 1901 ad for Dr. Day's "Remarkable Preparations" proclaimed, "Women today are young or old. The middle-aged woman has disappeared."

Innovation was everything. Mme. Adair, of the Rue Cambon, ran an ad for her "Tappy Eye Treatment" ("No one save those who have taken it knows the feeling of restfulness that comes"), a process which

combined "electricity and the new light ironing cure." Another ad told of the facial marvels achieved by Mme. Merle, who "EDUCATES the muscles, then she DISCIPLINES them." The process included a series of exercises designed to obtain "beauty of expression"—and crossed eyes, according to some cynics.

Mme. Adair, clearly a woman ahead of her time, also stressed a scientific approach. According to a 1906 Herald report: "There is a little white microbe which we can hardly do without and which goes over our body defending us from the microbes of disease. The face, the mouth and the head are filled with these microbes, and we should do all in our power to preserve them in a state of vitality. For these the 'Huile Orientale' is excellent."



Exercises for Obtaining Beauty of Expression.

Said the Herald, somewhat circuitously, "So many indirect requests have been made to the Herald about fashions for men, that the subject of men's dress can be well discussed and advised upon for the detection of men."

Though it didn't garner the feverish coverage typical of women's fashion stories, menswear still managed to hold its own in the late-breaking-news department. According to one 1901 report: "The startling fact has been duly commented that M. Paul Deschanel was married in a frock coat."

Edward VII, before and after his

1901 coronation, was much watched by the fashion-conscious men of the day. According to the Herald, "Eager eyes scan minutely the details of His Majesty's dress each time he appears in public."

He favored bright colors like red, and was observed wearing "purple ties and pink carnations." His many fashion firsts—single-breasted coats, gloves with baguettes—created instant panics among couturiers, who were besieged with requests for duplicates.

As always, the Herald's letters to the editor column served as an ef-

Australian Players Successful at Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament



Mrs. Ryan and Mr. H. Roper Barrett in Mens. A. F. Wimbledon and W. Trobles. A. F. Wimbledon and W. Trobles. A. F. Wimbledon and W. Trobles.

By the mid-1900s, women's fashions had become extremely constricting. The hobble skirt, named for the mode of walk it necessitated, was so tight it daringly showed the outline of the thigh.

Paris fashions, especially, became more and more defiant, featuring slashed skirts and gossamer fabrics. Said one article of the time, "The evening gowns and the afternoon gowns! What ho! I blush. We are hobbled, we are slashed, and we are of a tightness! In fact these dresses are distinctly naughty."

Ultimately the death knell for such constricting fashions came from an increasing taste for the sporting life. Headlines began to document women's athletic achievements: "Woman Drives Her Auto From Paris to Riviera"; "Women Show Skill on Polo Field"; and even "Discuss-Throwing Has Fair Devotees."

Fashions followed the sporting trend, and the Her-

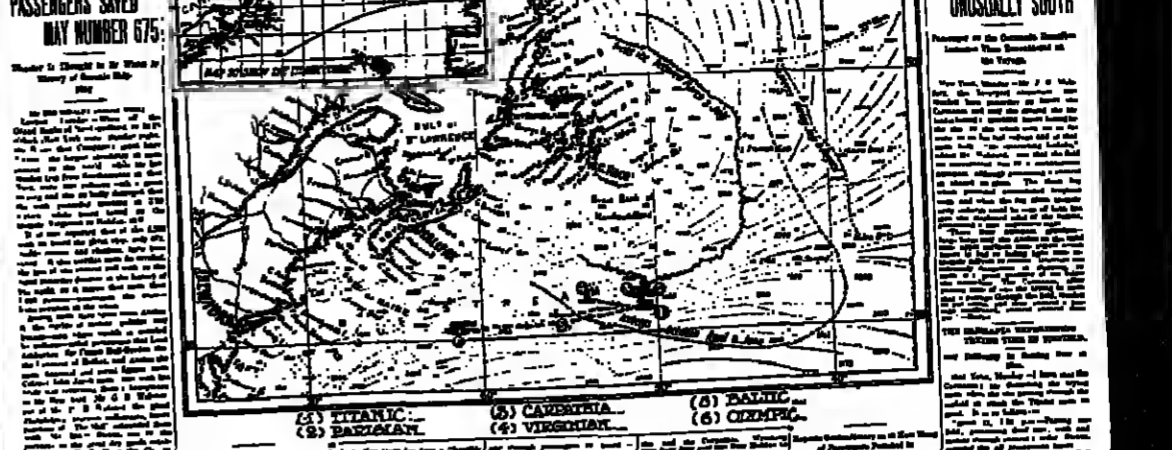
ald was there to cover all the action. In 1903 it plugged the "drimoiit"—a shapeless and decidedly business-like garment "for protecting body and limbs while automobiling without danger of getting entangled."

In the "What the Doctors Say" column, some unfashionable, yet sensible, advice was given on the subject of proper clothing for bicycling. The author advised against corsets ("Not only are they too warm, they interfere with respiration and shorten the breath, and these are only the least of their faults"), advocating loose skirts and blouses, plus eye protectors.

Attractive or not, sporting fashions were gradually accepted into polite society. A 1908 salon at the home of a prominent Paris socialite was, in a quiet way, a major breakthrough: "The invitation read *sans facons*—come as you are—in bicycling costume."

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

THE TITANIC, NEW WHITE STAR LINER, FOUNDERS OFF NEWFOUNDLAND; REPORTS ARE MOST CONTRADICTIONARY, BUT APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE IS FEARED



ON Monday afternoon, April 15, 1912, sketchy Morse code messages ticked into the New York office of the Herald bringing the astounding news that the supposedly "unsinkable" White Star liner Titanic had struck an iceberg off Newfoundland Sunday night and was going down.

A tremendous news story was happening. But it was seemingly out of reach, some 1,200 miles from New York.

James Gordon Bennett Jr., publisher of the New York Herald and its European edition, who was in New York on a visit from his home in Paris, gathered the staff to plan the paper's coverage.

Subsequent bulletins named ships heading to the Titanic's rescue; nearest was the *Carpathia*. On its passenger list, Bennett found the name May R. Birkhead. He remembered that the Herald had printed a story a year earlier about how she had earned the money for a cruise to Europe by making and selling shirtwaists in a small town in Missouri.

Bennett sent her a hasty message: "Wireless all operator can take on Titanic."

With the help of this young woman, who had never before written for publication, the Herald in both New York and Paris reported the details of the disaster sooner and more fully than most papers.

On April 16, the European edition of the Herald exclaimed in Paris: "The Titanic, New White Star Liner, Founders Off Newfoundland; Reports Are Most Contradictory, but Appalling Loss of Life Is Feared."

Today it is thought that of the more than 2,000 persons aboard, about 1,500 perished.

The April 17 Herald said 863 had survived, and listed many of the names. The paper also ran biographies of prominent people who had been aboard, including Colonel John Jacob Astor, the multimillionaire; banker Isidor Straus; Benjamin Guggenheim; and Charles H. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

On April 18 in Paris, The Herald announced that between 1,312 and 1,505 were believed dead. Miss Birkhead had wired some details, and when the *Carpathia* arrived in New York that night, she went to the Herald with ample notes.

The sinking of the Titanic was perhaps the biggest story the Herald had ever told. Viewed in hindsight, it marks the end of an era of optimism; two years later, the world went to war.

Miss Birkhead soon sailed again to Europe. In Paris, she received a note from Bennett asking her to come to his office. "I want you to be my society editor," he said. The 26-year-old dressmaker accepted the unexpected offer, and became one of the best-known society reporters in the newspaper's history. She stayed at the Herald until 1926.

—Kyle Jarrard

WHICH ONE IS NEW?

You probably recognize all but one of these famous company names. May we introduce the newcomer - KPMG. Previously, as Peat Marwick and KMG we were, of course, well known. Now we have come together to form the world's largest firm of accountants and

consultants. A firm that happens to have worked with all of these famous names. We haven't merged in order to be the largest, but to provide an even greater breadth and depth of service than before. Through our 650 offices in over 100 countries we provide integrated accounting,

auditing, tax and management consulting anywhere in the world. Through our policy of total commitment to client service we offer clients large and small the close, personal attention of a partner. KPMG - initially you may not have recognized us. Now you will.

The Old Lady and the C (as in Centigrade)

By Virginia Vitroz
EXACTLY four days before the turn of the century, on Dec. 27, 1899, the Paris Herald printed for the first time a letter to the editor that became the best-known in journalism's history. The first time. But not the last. The letter did not concern politics. Or sex. Or money. It dealt instead with another truly basic human concern — the weather. The letter appeared on Page 2, near the weather report. A bashful *nom de plume* was appended: "Old Philadelphia Lady." The letter became famous around the world. Why? Because after its first appearance, Old Philadelphia Lady's query ran on the same page the next day, and the day after that. With no editorial comment or explanation, the identical letter continued to run in most issues of the Herald for almost 19 years, until Dec. 12, 1918. Who was the mysterious writer? And why did her letter run for so long? The mystery surrounding the letter never has been satisfactorily solved, and conjecture has yet to stop. Some believe the letter's first appearance was perfectly routine, that the OPL's plea arrived in the mail one morning and by mistake was printed two days in a row, creating so much talk that the decision was made to rerun it indefinitely. Another version is that the paper's owner, James Gordon Bennett Jr., refusing to admit to any carelessness, asserted that the letter's reappearance was deliberate, not accidental. Then, to support his point, he ordered that it appear regularly as long as he lived. And it did. In fact, it was out until seven months after Bennett's death on May 15, 1918 that the



Mlle. Centigrade: A Young Philadelphia Lady takes the cause to her bosom.

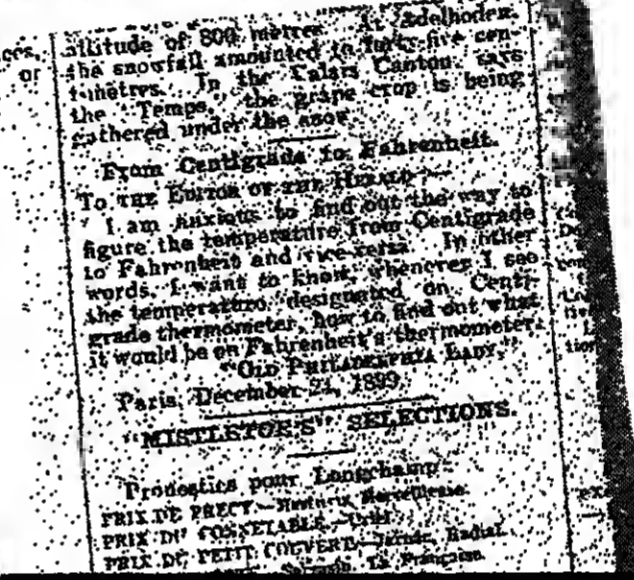
large file of responses began to accumulate. Other reactions ranged from amusement to fury. Some exasperated readers threatened to quit reading the Herald if the letter continued to appear. Others, reading the paper only at intervals, were surprised that the OPL had written again on the very same subject, they noted innocently, that they had read about three years previously. One 1912 correspondent may have spoken for most readers, however, when he saluted the paper for the services it provided him and then acknowledged, however reluctantly, that "even the Old Philadelphia Lady makes us feel cozy."

How does one make the long-sought conversion? There's no one simple way. But a popular method is to multiply the centigrade figure by 9, then divide by 5, then add 32 to the result.

It seems most likely that Bennett himself was the unseen hand on the OPL's pen. His longtime aide, C. Inman Barnard, later wrote that the letter was part of Bennett's personal campaign to promote the use of centigrade readings. And Bennett did have a passion for the subject. Centigrade thermometers could be found throughout his several homes and apartments. Some even hung on trees at his Riviera estate, and for a while he carried a centigrade thermometer in his pocket. Also, from time to time, a drawing of a "Young Philadelphia Lady" wearing a centigrade thermometer on her gown, appeared near the OPL letter.

And if Bennett didn't actually write the letter, his complicity in its saga is reasonably clear. A dedicated advocate of finding speedier and more efficient ways to do things, he was the first publisher in Europe to use the Linotype for printing, motor vehicles for newspaper delivery and radio for news gathering. It was perfectly in character that he would be among the first Americans to prefer centigrade thermometer readings.

Were Bennett alive today, he probably would be delighted to find that the method he preferred is gaining ground. And the OPL's query still fascinates readers. When the letter was rerun in 1980, to mark the launching of this newspaper's Asian edition, responses from helpful readers once again began to flow in from all parts of the world. This story appeared earlier this year as a *Centennial column*, drew a healthy response and is reprinted for readers who may not have seen it the first time around.



letter ended its marathon run. And even today, it has a way of reappearing on particularly important occasions. Bennett himself maintained an amused silence about the OPL, which only inspired further comment. No question — the letter did create a stir. No matter where one read the Paris Herald in those days, one was reminded of the famous question. And almost every day, somewhere in the world, someone would read the letter for the first time and, out of pity, send the poor old dear a conversion method. A

The Asahi Shimbun congratulates The International Herald Tribune on 100 years of journalistic excellence.

Herald The Trib.

It's no small feat to keep a newspaper going for 100 years. What's here today is quite often gone tomorrow. We ought to know. *The Asahi Shimbun's* first edition came out in 1879. We've learned that quality, breadth, access and reliable objectivity are just a few of the things that offer no compromise. A fact *The Herald Tribune* would hardly dispute. As times have changed, so have ways to deliver the news. *The Herald Tribune's* 1980 inauguration of satellite transmission between continents proved a forerunner to the *Asahi Shimbun's* own use of the system six years later. That made us the first Japanese-published newspaper to offer simultaneous publication in Tokyo, London and New York. At home, we also publish the English-language *Asahi Evening News* as a quality source of information for Japan's international community. Planned IHT printing in Tokyo should not only serve as healthy competition, but broaden the perceptions that flow in and out of Japan. Herald the premier international forum. Herald The Trib.

Asahi Shimbun
ASAHI EVENING NEWS
 Tokyo 104, Japan



They don't care what the wild waves are saying, they're looking at Fluffy Ruffles.

Fluffy Ruffles, Femme Fatale?

By Wendy Mallinson.

In mid-1907, a fictitious character skipped into the pages of the Paris Herald, where she held court for nearly a year and a half.

The exploits of Fluffy Ruffles — a sort of prototype of the day's young, optimistic, stylish American woman — quickly became daily fare in the Herald.

The source of all the fuss was her heavily hyped New York Herald introduction in a "Find Fluffy" contest ("the most exciting contest ever conducted by a newspaper"), in which Fluffy lookalikes were invited to submit their photos for a weekly judging. The promotion soon was extended to cover the turf of Paris Herald readers.

The publicity stunt was successful, and Fluffy soon became her own woman, so to speak — a character in her own right and the subject of fascination and much attention. Numerous articles described her unique fashion sensibility, and regular Sunday supplement comics documented her many adventures.

There was even talk of a Broadway play.

Then, at the end of 1908, she faded as suddenly and mysteriously as she had emerged, vanishing without a trace — or a farewell.

Legend had it that the fictional Fluffy started with money but lost it all, leaving her no option but to work for a living. However, her honest efforts were stymied by the naive yet deadly appeal she held for the opposite sex. Numerous careers — Fluffy, at various times, was a laundress, window dresser, milliner, palmist, newsgirl (selling the Herald, of course), nurse, riding teacher, dairymaid, features writer, jockey, social worker and opera singer, among many other jobs — were inevitably impaired by the masses of men who rapturously followed our heroine's every move.

There were those who tried to resist her charms. Said one correspondent to the Herald: "My best friend summed up his ponderous reflections in this bit of advice: 'Willy, if you want to keep your peace of mind in life, stay clear of anything that looks like Fluffy.'"

Willy concluded: "Fluffy is quite a type."

Much space was devoted to an ongoing debate on exactly what made Fluffy unique. Some articles positioned her as an early feminist. Said one writer: "She epitomizes the versatility and ability of the American girl. She can row the boat as well as the young man who is with her, mayhap. She frequently can run a touring car. She can swim and walk for hours without fatigue."

Said another: "She is the happy incarnation of a new type of feminism: one who in her struggle for life loses not one whit of her womanly charm, who remains feminine, exquisitely and deliciously feminine."

Opinions, however, differed. A 1907 article, headlined "Criticisms of Fluffy Suggestive of Jealousy," said this: "Most persons, especially men, don't want the rosebud to be a cabbage, although the cabbage is undoubtedly of far greater utility. They do not even demand logic from a damsel who has such witchery of grace and beauty."

Yet another article, "Fluffy's Influence on Fashion Very Evident," showed her to be something quite unthinkable at the time — a fashion maverick: "Young girls seldom dare fly in the face of so famous and strongly entrenched a personage as Dame Fashion. There are those, however, who refuse to submit to every whimsical dictation."

Fluffy-oriented letters to the editor abounded. Some correspondents were concerned with the day-to-day activities of "Her Fluffiness," such as the woman who wrote, in reference to Fluffy's brief career as an interior decorator: "How could she direct painters and decorators when dressed in embroidered chiffons and veils?"

Another reader pleaded, "Your Fluffy Ruffles, far from being a simple, unassuming young woman, is a millinery despot who insists on governing the fashions of the land and reclothing the entire feminine population. I have three daughters who have made my life a nightmare."

Responded the Herald, somewhat uncharitably, "Every great cause has its tragedies and the writer himself admits that Fluffy Ruffles is a great and useful missionary. Let him buy the dresses, hats and shoes. There is no other way."

Meanwhile, Fluffy's peer group was concerned with getting the look just right. Wrote one young woman, "I want to enter your contest, but, while I'm sure I look like Fluffy Ruffles, I sometimes smile, and Fluffy Ruffles has never worn anything but a frown or a chilling stare."

The Herald proved itself an able champion: "She is a victim of her own extreme prettiness. What wonder that she wears a frown sometimes? But Fluffy Ruffles is no snob. She emphatically maintains her right to smile."

The Herald even documented the alleged adventures of real-life Fluffies. In 1907, it reported, a Miss Anita Underhill of Manhattan, "weary and puzzled but blessed with a cheerful disposition that refused to see anything but roses on the drought-burned bushes," pondered "the Fluffy Ruffles problem — that of getting work." Anita thought a bit, then went to the nearest newsstand, bought all the Herald's in stock, then resold them in Central Park.

"Well," she concluded, "whenever I need money, I will simply sell the Herald. Nothing could be easier." Moralized the Herald: "Being able to think of something to do is half the battle. Being able and willing to do it is the other half."

Fluffy Ruffles would probably add, "Don't forget the clothes. They're important, too."

**Congratulations
to an
infant prodigy
from a
sprightly
hundred-and-
thirty-two-
year-old.**

The Daily Telegraph



Herald INTERNATIONAL **Tribune**

Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

For 100 years, the International Herald Tribune has circled the globe with journalism of distinction. We are proud to be part of its history and its future.

The Washington Post



CLOSING the Paris Herald on June 12, 1940 took one day. Reopening it four years later took nearly four months.

On Aug. 30, 1944, one week after the French capital had officially been liberated, managing editor Eric Hawkins, wearing his war correspondent's uniform, drove into the city in a borrowed U.S. Army jeep. His assignment was to revive the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune.

Hawkins, an Englishman bilingual in French, had been managing editor of the Paris edition since 1924. Back in town, he headed directly for the Tribune building on the Rue de Berni. "It was evening as we turned off the Champs-Élysées into the street of my memories, and in the twilight I could see clearly the six-story sign on the building's facade proclaiming: HERALD TRIBUNE. I choked a little on my emotions."

The building was unscathed. Its requisitioning as a French ministry of labor office in 1941 apparently had been enough to keep the Germans away. Mlle. Renée Brazier, the business manager, had stayed on throughout the war. She collected rent from the French government and thereby showed a slight profit for the occupation years. Ernest Quillet, a Herald electrician who found another job during the Occupation, had showed up now and then to keep the presses in working order, and they were ready to roll when Hawkins returned.

And within a week, by Sept. 5, they were rolling, but not for the European Edition. Instead, they were printing Stars and Stripes, the Army paper.

Prewar editorial and composing room staffers quickly gathered, but financial and tax matters had to be untangled in both Paris and New York. Enough red tape had been cleared away by November for Helen Reid, the strong-willed wife and helpmeet of owner Ogden Reid, to wire the supreme allied commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, for permission to restart the Paris paper.

He said yes, and William E. Robinson, the New York edition's advertising manager, was sent over to Paris to work out the details.

Robinson's appointment with Eisenhower was set for Dec. 20. By that time, the Battle of the Bulge was raging. Robinson suggested that the appointment be postponed, but Eisenhower insisted on going ahead with it. The general readily gave his final approval for the needed supplies of fuel and newsprint, which then were under military control.

The presses finally started again for the Herald on Friday, Dec. 22, 1944, with a five-column, three-line banner headlining the ominous German advance in Belgium. The last issue of the paper, June 12, 1940, had been No. 19,244; this one was No. 19,245.

That first number ran four full pages. The paper could have doubled its press run with a two-page paper. Instead, it ran a box on the front page urging readers to "Share Your Copy of the Herald Tribune." Most of Page One was war news. Inside were such familiar features as Walter Lippmann's "Today and Tomorrow" column, the Mailbag with the Old Philadelphia Lady's hallowed inquiry about how to turn centigrade temperatures into Fahrenheit, and a handful of advertisements.

Six months earlier, Geoffrey Parsons Jr., then 36, had been tapped by Helen Reid, at Hawkins's suggestion, to become the European edition's editor. At the time, Parsons was chief of the New York edition's London bureau.

Parsons, a commentator wrote, felt that "a vastly expanded European edition" should reflect the new U.S. position as a paramount world power and should become the true voice of America in Europe, required reading for influential Europeans. But that vision was not to be fulfilled for decades.

May 8, 1945. In Paris, food was short and coal was rationed, but the day the Nazis were defeated, the French capital was fully lighted for the first time since 1939.

Leslie Midgley, the news editor, wrote the lead story. It began: "The German Army announced yesterday that it had surrendered unconditionally, laying down its arms in defeat after five years and eight months of bitter warfare raging all over Europe."

In one article, Carl Levin recounted how "all Paris went wild last night." From New York, John G. Rogers reported an "emotional binge," the streets filled with crowds and ticker tape. Seymour Freidin's dispatch from Berlin began, "Atop the rubble that remains of the most bomb-leveled city in the world the red banner of Soviet Russia snarped triumphantly this afternoon as reluctant Russian soldiers swept into the backyards of the Tiergarten, opposite the Reichstag, and silenced the last of the Nazi defenders."

On Aug. 7, 1945, a two-line, eight-column banner proclaimed, "Atomic Bomb Revolutionizes War; Hits Japan Like 20,000 Tons of TNT." Midgley, the news editor, recalls that Frank Webb, the chief copy reader, "wrote a classic headline on that story that nobody has matched." As Midgley put it, "Most of the people at that time thought that it was just another big bomb, including a lot of military people. They didn't understand what had happened, but Frank did."

Eight days later, on Aug. 15, 1945, a three-line banner reported Japan's unconditional surrender. The off-lead, as newspapers call their second biggest story of the day, was headlined, "Petain Guilty, Mercy Urged." A third headline over a New York dispatch recounted, "Horns Toot, Kisses Are Free As U.S. Blows Off Victory Lid."

Paris Edition at Deadline? — The early postwar years were grim but not uniformly gray. Longtime managing editor Eric Hawkins wrote that "the glittering ambience of Paris frequently gave the toilers on the New York edition the impression that life on the Paris Herald was just one bacchanalian orgy after another."

Around Christmas 1946, Hawkins continued, Bureau chief John "Tex" O'Reilly, decided "that something ought to be done to stimulate further envy among the New York editorial staff. One night, as the deskmen completed their copyreading for the final edition, Tex walked in, followed by three streetwalkers, each carrying a bottle of champagne. Solemnly, Tex had the girls change from street clothes to a fetching *deshabille*, posed them around the desk and placed the champagnes squarely in front of the staffers." Then he called in a photographer, who managed to catch the editors buried in their work. (From left: Frank Webb, Michael Horton, Vincent Bugeja, Fred Shaw, Herb Kuperberg, Roy McMullen and Bob Haney.)

Prints were sent immediately to the New York desk, but outsiders never saw the photo. Until this past summer, in fact, few if any present-day staffers had seen it either. Then Horton, a participant in that evening's amusements and until his retirement this year a public relations executive in Brussels, came up with the photo — out of the blue.



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CURRENCY MARKETS

Dollar Rises on Fresh Gulf Tension

NEW YORK — The dollar rose higher Friday in New York... Earlier in Europe, the dollar edged on profit-taking...

London Dollar Rates

Table with columns: Currency, Bid, Ask, and other market data for London Dollar Rates.

The British pound gained against the dollar in London, to \$1.6230 from \$1.6150... The impact of the U.S. jobless figures, showing a fall in September to 5.9 percent from 6 percent in August...

Tokyo Yen Trade

TOKYO — Yen-dollar spot transactions on the Tokyo Foreign Exchange this year topped \$1 trillion as of the end of September, the financial daily Nihon Keizai Shimbun reported Friday... The report said that the total was up 47 percent from the corresponding period in 1986...

Tokyo Yen Trade Tops \$1 Trillion

Agency France-Press... TOKYO — Yen-dollar spot transactions on the Tokyo Foreign Exchange this year topped \$1 trillion as of the end of September...

GROW: U.S. Economic Milestone JOBS: U.S. Unemployment at 5.9%

(Continued from first finance page) months through World War II, from June 1938 to February 1945... The previous record for the longest peacetime expansion was 58 months, from March 1975 to January 1980...

cial in the Carter administration who now serves as director of the Institute for International Economics... "The combination of the dollar's decline and the massive net U.S. obligations to foreigners will reduce the overall rate of growth of the American standard of living..."

(Continued from Page 1) manufacturing jobs in September could lead to more vigorous third-quarter growth in the economy and the prospect of tighter monetary policy from the Federal Reserve...

uct, which measures a nation's goods and services, would be between the 2.5 percent rise in the second quarter and the 4.6 percent increase in the first quarter... St. Ives Buys Printing Firm

Tide of Japan's Investments Turned in August

TOKYO — The international investment tide changed direction in August, with Japanese pumping less money into overseas stocks and bonds and foreigners investing more here, the Finance Ministry said on Friday... It reported that Japanese bought only \$6.08 billion of overseas securities more than they sold during the month...

peaked. They came back when the market did not plunge as expected, one securities analyst said... "The market had been propelled by falling interest rates, sliding oil prices and the rising yen, which helped boost profits of Japanese corporations that do not export..."

Japan's investment tide turned in August, with Japanese pumping less money into overseas stocks and bonds and foreigners investing more here... Overseas investors pulled funds out of the Tokyo stock market in July on worries that the market had

Members of the baby boom generation who surged into the labor force in the 1970s have gained experience in their jobs and have presumably become more productive... "The sharp reduction in inflation, from 12.4 percent in 1980 to 1.1 percent last year, stabilized the economy and restored confidence in its future performance..."

Euro-Commercial Paper

Table with columns: Issuer, Maturity, Bid, Ask, and other data for Euro-Commercial Paper.

Friday's OTC Prices

NASDAQ prices as of 4 p.m. New York time. Via The Associated Press

Table with columns: Symbol, Bid, Ask, and other data for Friday's OTC Prices.

12 Month Stock

Table with columns: Symbol, Bid, Ask, and other data for 12 Month Stock.

12 Month Stock

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AMEX Closing

Tables include the following prices up to the closing on Wall Street and do not reflect late trades elsewhere.

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CROSSWORD clues: 1 Fruit on a strawberry, 7 Humbled, 13 Mottled, 20 Hymn tune, 21 Sandbox, 22 Edifice, 23 Justice, 24 Thurogood, 25 Steinbeck's birthplace, 26 Vocalized pauses, 27 Actress Ruby, 28 Steep hemp, 29 Auditor, for short, 30 Solicit, 31 Pinto, 32 Blackmore heroine, 33 What a backward star may cry, 39 Puget Sound seaport, 40 A conifer, to Fernando, 41 Resident of Pains, 43 Ethnically neutral, 44 Provided that, to Shakespeare, 45 P.G.A. Hall of Famer Jones, 48 Bird's org.

Crossword grid with title 'Calling the Role By Caroline G. Fitzgerald' and numbered squares for clues.

PEANUTS comic strip panels with dialogue about autumn and fall.

BLONDIE comic strip panels with dialogue about snacks and a date.

BEETLE BAILEY comic strip panels with dialogue about fighting and a couple.

ANDY CAPP comic strip panels with dialogue about a vicar and a Siamese cat.

WIZARD of ID comic strip panels with dialogue about littering and a fine.

REX MORGAN comic strip panels with dialogue about a professor and a class.

GARFIELD comic strip panels with dialogue about Garfield's attitude.

DOWN crossword clues: 12 Kind of ray or wing, 13 Portray, 14 Some composer, 15 Sounded like the y in ye, 16 Letter from Levkas, 17 Selene, to a Roman, 18 Greek and Roman, 19 Lectern, 24 Tot, 32 Stamen lsl, 33 Its capital is Macapa, 34 'Symphonie Espagnole' alone, 36 Step (hurry), 38 — Lanka, 40 Quarterback, 41 Dennis of the P.B.A., 42 Restraint of emotion, 43 Thwart, 46 N.Z. tree, 47 Charon's river, 49 Gerald R., in his youth, 52 River celebrated by Burns, 53 — rug, 55 Notes added to notes: Abbr., 56 Money box, 57 Apache, 58 Chimney, in Cottbus, 61 — de coeur, 62 Strikeout artist, 63 Obvious, 64 Ideal or trip, 65 — ark, 66 Hubert of the P.G.A., 73 The horned horse, 74 Explorer, Johnson et al., 78 Famed leading lady Ada, 79 First known variable star, 80 Roguish, 81 Worm out, 82 Ferber's 'Basket', 83 — Islands, off Ireland, 85 Sainted wife of St. Adrian, 88 V.P. under 89, 89 Gerald R., in his youth, 92 River celebrated by Burns, 93 Medicinal ointment, 95 Arcutic parka, 96 Steady, 97 Apache, 98 Clement C. Moore opening, 99 Nice, 101 Bikes for Daisy?, 102 Kid's cry, 105 Good sense, 106 Peace, 107 Nobel: 1949, 108 Stop!: Var., 109 Puppeteer, 110 Hit song in 1953, 112 A Pulitzer Prize winner in Letters: 1960, 117 Hyde Park, 118 Sham, 119 Prentiss and Stone of films, 120 High, low and, 121 Distaff busybodies, 122 Guzzles.

DOWN crossword clues: 50 Youth, 54 Partitions, 57 Representation, 58 L.B.J.'s V.P., 59 Fabulous, 61 Polke, 63 Alcohol of perfume, 64 Kind of cross, 66 'Chinatown' author — Yutang, 69 Ball for juniors, 70 City east of Osaka, 71 — Bars, née Goodman, 72 Sweet part of a kumquat, 75 Lawmaker, 80 Kind of sale, 81 Gallery, 83 'Who's Who?' author — Yutang, 76 Structural, 77 Not accented, 84 Some chickens, 86 Le huitieme mois, 87 Particle, 89 Tolkien's, 91 First run of the still, 94 Peroration, 99 Flanders flower, 100 Stood, 101 Mahal leader, 102 Bock, e.g., 103 Talented, 104 Explorer Tasman, 105 Siamese, 113 For shame!, 114 Good times, 115 Proverb, 116 Prawn bird.

ROCK SPRINGS By Richard Ford. 335 pages. \$17.95. The Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116. Reviewed by Michiko Kakutani. 'In "Musée des Beaux Arts," W.H. Auden wrote: "About suffering they were never wrong, the Old Masters; how well they understood Its human position; how it takes place, While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along..." As this stunning volume of stories amply demonstrates, it's also a lesson understood by Richard Ford. "Rock Springs" things have a way of stupidly, abruptly going wrong, changing in a single, unwatched moment the course of an entire life, and dividing all time, irrevocably, into a "now" and a "then." A petty thief's girlfriend tells him that she's out going with him to Florida, and he realizes, doped to failure, that his hopes of starting over are doomed to failure. A woman adores her lover to retrieve a duck he's shot and wounded, and because she refuses, she begins to understand just how dangerous she's lived "on the edge of things."

BOOKS outpost of rootlessness and alienation, a place where families come apart and love drifts away. When we first meet them, most of his characters are in transit, in the process of moving from one town or one relationship to another. The two women that Sims meets in "Empire," for instance, have both led astonishingly aimless, improvised lives; Pauline, who has run through three husbands, changed her name and become a Scientist, is in "a mental health unit somewhere in Minot." Cloe, who's moved from California to Boise to Salt Lake City because she "couldn't get focused," is hiding out from her husband's bitter friends. As for the men in these stories, they, too, tend to be lost, broken or desperate: Many have lost their jobs (and often their self-esteem) and are now on the lam, running toward or away from jail and other sorts of trouble. As readers of his last novel "The Sportsman" (1986) know, Ford is a writer blessed with an ability to create sympathetic characters and a gift for delineating the emotional interstices of their lives; besides galvanizing those talents, this volume should confirm his emergence as one of the most compelling and eloquent storytellers of his generation. If the language in these tales owes something to the stylized rhythms of Hemingway (by way, perhaps, of Raymond Carver), it's also clear that Ford has managed to find a wholly distinctive narrative voice, a voice that's capable not only of capturing the skewed, desultory conversations of his wayward characters, but also of encompassing the more meditative musings of his narrators. Many of these tales are told in the first person, and again and again, these narrators and the people in their lives stop to speculate about "the lives we would eventually lead" — what they would do, where we would go. Why, they wonder, did things happen the way they did, and what could possibly happen next? These, of course, are two of fiction's oldest and most basic questions, and in making us care as passionately about the answers to those queries as his characters do, Ford's stories stand as superb examples of the storyteller's craft, providing us with both the pleasures of narrative and the sad wisdom of art. Michiko Kakutani is on the staff of The New York Times.

WIZARD of ID comic strip panels with dialogue about littering and a fine.

DENNIS THE MENACE comic strip panels with dialogue about Dennis the Menace.

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle. A grid of numbers and letters for the previous week's puzzle.

WEATHER section with tables for Europe, Asia, Africa, Latin America, Middle East, and Oceania. Includes a section for 'TELL ME SOME OF THE THINGS THAT ARE IN THE BIBLE, DENNIS' and 'THERE'S A BARY PICTURE OF ME, A DRIED-UP FLOWER, AN' A PIECE OF BACON I WAS SAVING'.

World Stock Markets table showing closing prices in local currencies for Oct. 2. Includes sections for Amsterdam, London, Hong Kong, and Tokyo.

Stock market data tables for various regions including Toronto, Zurich, and Tokyo, with columns for stock names and prices.

